

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### Attacks upon Civil Liberty

“EVERY sectary saith,” cried Oliver Cromwell, the first British Fascist, “‘O give me liberty.’ But, give it him, and to the best of his power he will yield it to no one else.” The fault of those sectaries, however, was not their zeal for truth as they conceived it, but their arrogant assumption that what they thought was certainly right. Hence, as Hallam points out (“Cons. Hist.,” I, 2), “persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed Churches.” The world to-day is lapsing into chaos because everywhere groups and classes are claiming for themselves what they deny to others, and all in the name of liberty. The very slogan of the Communist—the “Dictatorship of the Proletariat”—shows that all he has in view is the substitution of one tyranny for another. Ever since national communities have, in practice, repudiated the idea of a law above the State, a law which does not derive from the will and wisdom of man, they have had to fall back upon force, and force begets its like in opposition. The Theory of Democracy, that the strongest party, when duly elected, rules for the benefit of all, has never been effectively realized, and class rule has brought it into general discredit. Parliamentary Government has, in consequence, been abolished in many countries, and is in danger of suppression in others. It survives here partly because of the lavish social services to which the State is now committed, partly because the causes of discontent are economic rather than political. But the existence here of both Communists and Fascists shows that a spirit is alive which aims at abolishing civil liberty in the name of effective government. The attempt to enrol partisan political “armies” is an offence against law and order, the maintenance of which is the sole charge of Government, and is itself a sign of the weakening of the democratic principle. Like Capitalism, Democracy must reform itself if it is to survive.

### The Absolute State

**I**T has disappeared altogether in Italy and Germany. Signor Mussolini's obedient Chamber, on January 18th, passed "with acclamation" his Corporation Laws which complete the structure of the totalitarian State, and its own dissolution is imminent. Herr Hitler's Reichstag stood to attention, whilst a drastic Bill "reforming the Reich," and incidentally destroying the rights of the Federated States, was read by the President, the last clause of which ran—"The immediate entry into force of the above clauses." All this means that the Government in both countries has placed itself above opposition and even criticism. Instead of being the creation of the people embodying their will and serving their interests, it stands apart from the community, dictating to it what it thinks is good for it, giving fallible and even false political theories the character of dogmas, reducing the citizens to the status of children. In Italy, where the Church is comparatively strong, and where the population is almost wholly Catholic, these theories are, more or less, in accord with Christian principles, although in the matter of education the Church has had, and will have, to fight persistently for her own and for parental rights, but even so the invasion of human rights implied in the whole theory of the Absolute State, is an encroachment on the part of Cæsar into a sphere which does not belong to him. In his article on Fascism in the "Encyclopedia Italiana," Signor Mussolini declares that "Fascism conceives of the State as an Absolute," and, whilst demanding blind acceptance of the State's laws, asserts that "blind acceptance of ecclesiastical authority" can never return. One feels that in Italy the freedom accorded to the Church is not so much a recognition of her divine commission, and her independence of the State in its exercise, as a grudging concession to a force too strong and too useful in the preservation of order to antagonize—the old Napoleonic idea. However, the vigorous Catholic spirit of Italy may be trusted gradually to Christianize in practice what is pagan in Fascism, whilst preserving those elements which make for national welfare.

### Church and State in Germany

**T**HINGS are different in Germany where the dominant religion is Lutheranism, and Catholics are only one-third of the population, and, even so, very irregularly distributed. On them devolves in practice the whole resistance

to the doctrine of the Absolute State. Although Herr Hitler proclaimed, nearly a year ago (March 23rd), that "the National Government sees, in the two Christian confessions, factors of capital importance for the preservation of our worth as a nation" and has actually concluded a Concordat (July 20, 1933) with the Holy See, his Government first of all compelled the unification of the twenty-eight Lutheran Churches and has since, despite the half-hearted protests of some thousands of pastors, succeeded in Nazi-fying them. No voice of condemnation will henceforth be heard from that section of Christianity, whatever un-Christian projects the Government may enact. However, up to this time, the heads of the Catholic Church are still free to speak and to criticize, as they did quite frankly in their joint pastoral of June 3rd last year,<sup>1</sup> and in many condemnatory utterances since, warning their flocks against the doctrinal and ethical errors, and the infractions of the Concordat, involved in the new regime. However, some members, at least, of the Government seem to think that the Church can be brought to heel. Hundreds of priests have been arrested, Catholic papers are censored beyond endurance, if not actually suppressed, bishops are interfered with in the discharge of their pastoral duties, Catholic societies, expressly guaranteed by the Concordat, are harassed in many ways, the omniscient State is seemingly bent on crushing not only political, but religious liberty, and on harnessing the international Church to the service of its narrow un-Christian nationalism. She is found to be the one obstacle to that craze for uniformity—*Gleichschaltung*—which obsesses the Nazi mind, and has already swept away so many traditional German institutions. It would seem that, sooner or later, another *Kulturkampf* must occur, were it not that there are symptoms of division amongst the Nazi leaders themselves, and the moderates, led by the still all-powerful Hitler, may ultimately prevail.

### Political Freedom and Political Licence

THE suppression or the decay of the Parliamentary system, which provides an arena for the clash of political opinions, has a natural tendency to create an armed opposition: force is the only way left if political differences exist at all. Consequently, instead of parliamentary debates, we are apt to have civil war. On the other hand, there are certain

<sup>1</sup> Discussed in detail in "The Church and the Nazis," *THE MONTH*, December, 1933. See also a helpful article, "The Catholic Church in Nazi Germany," in *The Dublin Review*, January, 1934.

forms of political opposition which cannot be tolerated by a civilized Government—opposition, for instance, which attacks its very foundations. There is a common moral basis provided by Christian revelation on which every legitimate form of Government rests, respect for justice and elementary human rights being its main support, for, apart from the revelation of God and His purposes, Government has no sanction but force: it is a mere union of human wills for some particular end. Hence, a lawful Government may justly suppress by force those who try to overthrow it by violence, even with the purpose of substituting another legitimate form, and much more if the substitute is one grounded on injustice. The Soviet Government, for instance, could never win the conscientious adhesion of a Christian, and so of all political systems which are infected, more or less, with its essential injustice. Accordingly, if the Third International Communists ever became a real menace in this country; especially, if they proceeded to arm themselves, the Government would only be doing its duty in suppressing them. If those conditions really obtained in pre-Hitlerite Germany, if the Communists there had become so powerful as to threaten the existence of the State, their disenfranchisement and destruction in the new Reich can only be commended. And on similar grounds, the action of Herr Dollfuss in Austria, in suppressing by violence the armed Socialists who were aiming at introducing the thin end of Bolshevism, can but be looked on as an act of national self-preservation. Modern Austria is primarily agriculturist and predominantly Catholic; her industries and her Socialists are concentrated in the capital and a few other towns. On the breakdown of Parliamentary government a year ago the Chancellor introduced a mitigated emergency dictatorship, the "Fatherland Front," above parties and pledged to Austrian independence, as the only means of withstanding German Nazi aggression and, at the same time, keeping his domestic "reds" in check. On occasion of the celebration, last September, of the 250th anniversary of Vienna's deliverance from the Turk, he outlined his sketch of a new Constitution for Austria, suited to its character and based on the principles of "Quadragesimo Anno." This was enough!

#### **Fair Play for the Austrian Chancellor**

**A**LL the anti-clericals, all the labour parties, in Europe have taken alarm. Here was another Fascist State! In spite of his successful opposition to Nazi-ism, which, as he



himself said, is a conflict between Christian and Pagan ideals, in spite of his having weaned the Heimwehr from Italian Fascism, his introduction of the Corporative State, the first aim of which is to do away with the class-struggle by identifying the interests of worker and employer, has aroused the resentment of all those who want to end, not mend, Capitalism, and who identify the Church with its abuses. And when at last the Austrian Socialists, housed in fortresses and heavily armed, were mobilizing to fight for the dictatorship of the proletariat—the avowed aim of their leader, Herr Bauer—and when there was nothing left for the Government to do but to disarm them by force, then the tide turned openly against him. Herr Dollfuss acted with such firmness that the revolt was suppressed in a few days, and with relatively small loss of life. Yet for a long time to come we shall hear of the days beginning February 12th as Vienna's "bloody week," and the Chancellor will take his place with Nero and the rest in the Socialist Chamber of Horrors. However, the country, which, aided by Poland, rolled back the infidel Turk, has now emulated Poland in staying the atheist Bolshevik, and Christian Europe will give its thanks to both. And Catholic Europe and America will watch with intense interest the process of constructing the new Constitution on the basis of the Church's teaching—an authoritative State, yet not autocratic, planned to secure justice and liberty for all, a democracy freed from the abuses of class and party—a pioneer work the honour of which, contrary to the hopes of many, Catholic Ireland has not been alert enough to secure.

### Corruption in High Places and Low

IT is remarkable that the rioting, which broke out in Paris on February 6th, was not primarily a revolutionary movement, but a protest against the feebleness and corruption of the French Parliamentary system, a protest exploited by the real rebels—the Royalists and the Communists—for their own subversive ends. The first victims were actually ex-soldiers marching unarmed under the tricolour, in ordering prayers for whom Cardinal Verdier could say "Our sons have fallen in the act of demanding a France *plus honnête et plus belle*." The protest succeeded in upsetting a Government, which had a comfortable majority, for the discontent of the people was unmistakable, and there was a strong suspicion that the Stavisky financial frauds had been connived at by persons in power. No country, alas! is free from such scan-

dals, which will continue until speculative gambling with money not one's own is made a criminal offence, instead of being condoned, as it now is, both by law and public opinion. What has lately occurred in Newfoundland—a revelation of departmental corruption so deep-seated that the Province has had to surrender for a time its right to self-government—reminds us that we live in a glass-house. Moreover, in the States, President Roosevelt has lately had to take in hand the toughest task in his whole vast programme—the regulation of Stock Exchange gambling and the freeing of State-contracts from the fraudulent practices that have disgraced them. Everywhere the demon of greed is persuading men to “graft” of every kind. A glance at that excellent monthly *The News Sheet of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League*, reveals an alarming prevalence of corrupt practices in our midst—only a fraction of which come to light—involving responsible officials like the late Chief of the London Salvage Corps, and a host of smaller fry. The League itself deserves the widest support, for, apart from the moral offence implied in the giving and taking of bribes, few people are safe from pecuniary loss due to the evil custom.

#### **Moral Disarmament still to Seek**

THE paradox that a Conference, which started more than two years ago with high hopes of disarming the strong, should finally succeed only in arming the weak, indicates the radical flaw in the spirit which animated it. All its negotiations have assumed the persistence of what they were meant to weaken and destroy—the will to war. All the Powers—we speak always of the five or six which really count in these matters—have been pre-occupied with the provision of armed security against possible aggression. All continue to measure their weight in the world's councils by their own armed strength. Despite the multiplicity of their Leagues and Pacts and Ententes, *there has been no real change in the mental attitude* of responsible statesmen regarding normal international relations since the Peace Treaty. The various Powers, including Russia and Germany, protest with sincerity—and, if only because they know that war settles nothing, their sincerity need not be doubted—that they have no wish to fight, but none is willing to trust the others. The nations as a whole are still at the pioneer-mining-camp stage of civilization, when no man feels secure unless wearing one or more “guns.” Hence, the intense reluctance displayed by

the strongly armed Powers even to start the process of disarming: hence, the strong and reasonable determination of disarmed Germany to arm up to the level of the rest. The idea of finding security in the combined unwillingness and incapacity of others to harm, has not begun to find a lodgment in the international mind. Yet just as peace comes to a community only when its members give up the right to carry arms, so must it be with the world as a whole.

### **Work for Peace obligatory upon Catholics**

CONSEQUENTLY we must, while doing all we can to stimulate, if only for economy's sake, a proportionate diminution of forces, aim primarily as Christians at moral disarmament, multiply, more and more, friendly international contacts and foster the means of educating public opinion. For that reason, Catholics have reason to be grateful to the Cardinal Archbishop for having spoken so strongly in his Lenten Pastoral in support of the League of Nations. So many "interests," financial and political, are to-day devoting themselves to an attempt to destroy the League that His Eminence's weighty words are worth quoting:

In the international field the present precarious position of the League of Nations must cause anxiety to all those who are convinced that some such organization is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the peace of the world. As we have often pointed out before, it is the only organized effort which has been made to carry into effect the repeated wishes of the Holy See.

The Cardinal then goes on to refer to the causes—amongst them the refusal of the United States to co-operate—which have tended to make the League relatively inefficient, and concludes his reference thus—

Certainly it is the duty of Catholics, by word and action, to give all the support they can to the League of Nations and to endeavour so to improve it as to make it a real and permanent instrument for the preservation of the peace of the world.

One obvious means of fulfilling our duty in this matter is to become members of the League of Nations Union, which has branches everywhere, and exists, here and on the Continent, for the express purpose of keeping before the public the need

and the needs of the League. The foes of peace in the Jingo Press are so active and voluble that they call for strong and concentrated opposition. The Press, apart from sinister influences that often sway it, lives by sensation, and is fond of making our flesh creep by emphasizing the fears rather than the hopes of the world. The Federation of League of Nations Societies, which held its annual meeting at Brussels in the middle of February, will become, as its constituent members grow in strength, a most powerful means of promoting international harmony : it certainly is one of the world's hopes.

### Peace in the Hands of Two Nations

**I**N spite of the war-mongers, there are signs that the various peoples are turning more and more towards peace. They want security, and they see no real security in armaments. Even in Germany, Mr. William Teeling reports (*Times*, February 20th), the uniformed and militarized youth have no wish for war. If the financial motive for munition-making could be withdrawn, we should hear much less about the "imperative need" of this or that instrument of defence. Only the half-dozen heavily-armed nations are a menace to security—no one goes in dread of a belligerent Switzerland, or Portugal or Sweden—and only a moiety of those possess the material means of war. It was long ago pointed out by Sir Thomas Holland<sup>1</sup> that practically all the minerals necessary for the making of munitions are owned by the United States and the British Commonwealth. If those two English-speaking communities combined to refuse to export the needful raw material to any violator of the world's peace, no war could last long. Here, then, is Lord Howard of Penrith's proposal of a financial and economic boycott against an aggressor, reduced to a simpler form. From the League of Nations' Statistical Year-Book a table, published in the American *Foreign Policy Reports* (Vol. IX, No. 12, August, 1933), has been compiled which shows that the total war-material exported in 1930 was distributed as follows—30.8 per cent from Great Britain and 11.7 per cent from the United States, whilst France, with 12.9 per cent, comes in between, and half a score other States share the rest. In this very real and immediate sense, the seeds of modern warfare are thus seen to be economic. Yet the urge to multiply armaments and thus to

<sup>1</sup> Speaking as President of the British Association at Johannesburg in 1929.

achieve military preponderance continues unabated in the militarist Press and platform. Here is a typical specimen—

What we require is what Lord Rothermere urged for France—supremacy in the air. [Are both countries, then, to be supreme?] No city, town or village in the kingdom can consider itself immune from attack in the air. We must have a two-and-a-half-Power standard in the air to secure the necessary degree of safety for our people. [*The Earl of Galloway, speaking at Stranraer* : quoted in *Headway*, February, 1934.]

This is not any more fatuous than much of the counsel given in the anti-League papers.

### Catholic Division in Spain

THE victory for the forces of justice and tolerance over the Azafia Government in December last was not nearly so decisive as was hoped, and Catholics, although the most numerous party in the Cortes, are not strong enough, nor, alas! united enough, to take office. The twenty-odd political parties are roughly grouped as follows—Right (mostly Catholic), 207; Centre, 167; Left, 99—and the Centre rules with the general support of the Right. The Socialist Left has taken its defeat badly, threatening armed resistance to the Government and, consistently enough, showing its contempt for democratic forms. That was to be expected. What is much more lamentable and ominous is a cleavage in the Catholic ranks, foreshadowing such a weakening, and for the same cause, as kept French Catholics politically impotent for generations. A group of Spanish Catholics label themselves Monarchists, although the elections were not fought on the dynastic issue, and the one strong man who has emerged from the Catholic ranks, Señor Gil Robles, having declared for the Republic, finds himself assailed and vilified by those who, with mistaken loyalty, place the interests of the monarchy before those of the Faith. We can sympathize with men whose attachment to King Alfonso has never wavered, but surely this is a time for maintaining Catholic unity at all costs, or at least at the cost of merely temporal considerations. It is much more important that a strong Catholic spirit should return to Spain than that her exiled monarch, however beloved, should be restored, and we are confident that he himself would not wish his personal claims to stand in the way of the Catholic cause.

### The Menace of the Films

THE character of the modern cinema continues to exercise the Catholic moralist all over the world, but particularly in the United States, from which most of the films still come—84 per cent of the world's product. We read in *Columbia* that 75,000 Catholics in Seattle have lately pledged themselves in conscience to boycott "smutty movies"—the only effective form of protest, which is, at the same time, a profession of faith and a blow at the profits of filth-mongers. The American hierarchy in November, 1933, appointed a Committee of their members to investigate the problem, and Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles, one of their number, publishes, in the February *Ecclesiastical Review*, an exhaustive account of the Film Industry in the States, showing, on the one hand, how needful and indeed obligatory such a protest is, and, on the other, that indecency is not necessary to make a film a success. From other American observers, we learn that the Film Code, ratified by the "Board of Directors of Motion-Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc." (noticed in these pages, May, 1931, p. 465), has had practically no effect in controlling Hollywood. That the danger is no less here, several articles and a prolonged correspondence in *The Catholic Times* have made clear. Father Valentine, O.P., has ably expounded the Catholic doctrine in the matter, which several correspondents seemed to ignore: the whole question turns on what are proximate occasions of sin, occasions which every good Catholic is bound to avoid, whether they occur in books or in theatres or anywhere else. We think that the example of the Catholics at Seattle should be everywhere followed: it is the least that our Faith demands.

### Catholic Confederation

THERE are welcome indications in many of the Lenten pastorals that an effective Catholic Confederation is in the air. Individual dioceses are organizing general unions of diocesan activities, which will render the task of combining the whole comparatively easy. In the States the vast extent of territory makes the National Catholic Welfare Conference almost a necessity if Catholic communities are even to know of each other's existence. Our needs here are not so great, but it is clear that our influence will be much increased, if the

Catholic host can readily be marshalled in defence of faith and morals, or in attacking current abuses.

### Catholic Doctrine Vindicated

THE thanks of the Catholic community are surely due to the Editor of *The Tablet* for the persistence and the success with which he has exposed what was, in effect, a gross slander against Catholic sacramental practice, printed originally in *The Strand Magazine* for October last. It needed persistence, for the offender, even when proofs were produced of the inaccuracy of her recollection of her father's story or, alternatively, of her father's recollection of the incident he recorded, would not admit that either could be mistaken. The gist of the story was that a Catholic priest, in order to relieve Mr. Asquith's anxiety regarding the guilt of a man executed for murder, broke the seal of confession. Mr. Oldmeadow has produced evidence that the only clergyman who attended the murderer was not a Catholic, nor, therefore, was the man himself. But none are so blind as those who won't see, and Mr. Asquith's daughter, unlike the rest of the world, remains unconvinced.

### The Late Father de la Taille

THE keenness with which Catholic theologians sometimes debate disputable points of theology is only equalled by the unanimity they display when competent authority has pronounced its decision, and, meanwhile, may be taken both as a measure of their zeal for truth and a sign of the necessity, if truth is to be reached, of some final, authoritative arbiter. In the sympathetic sketch of Maurice de la Taille, published in our January issue, it was pointed out that his great book on the Holy Eucharist provoked a good deal of controversy, and some graceful words of his were quoted, elicited by the death of a Dominican opponent, Father Alfred Swaby, whilst their discussion was at its height. One who stood by the side of Father Swaby in the contest, Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., still happily alive, has been moved in his turn by the news of Father de la Taille's death to offer, in the course of a letter to the Editor, the following chivalrous appreciation of the dead theologian.

It was part of the worry of life [he writes] that a common devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of Unity should



have ranged us on opposite sides of a discussion. If ever, from my side of that discussion, there came a word unworthy of the hidden Word whom we both served, I pray that it may be forgiven. His own generous tribute, on the death of Father Swaby, make my pale words on him but the shadow of a shadow.

If rumour has not played its wonted game of make-believe, there was a trial in his late years which knit my heart to his closer than he knew. But now he knows!

May a full accord of mind and heart be one of the joys which our common Master *nobis donet in patria*.

"In essentiis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas"—this golden rule of controversy, sometimes obscured by the dust of the theological arena, will glitter more brightly when the combat ceases, and when we pass, in Newman's phrase, "from shadows and phantoms into the Truth."

## *The Annunciation*

THE dawn shafts through the casement came  
 To Mary, rapt in prayer,  
 And lit her lovely face to flame  
 And warmed her lovely hair,  
 When Gabriel, kneeling, breathed her name  
 Upon the morning air. . .

The heavens leaned down to Nazareth;  
 That moment nothing stirred,  
 The trembling Angels held their breath  
 And hushed were beast and bird,  
 For Man's eternal life—or death—  
 Hung upon Mary's word. . .

O dawn of dawns! more happier far  
 Than when God fashioned man,  
 When Mary's "yes" from star to star  
 In echoing cadence ran.—  
 Not Eve's but Mary's sons we are,  
 For then our life began!

WILLIAM BLISS.

## FLORENCE AND THE SERVITES :

THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE SERVITE ORDER

THE seventh centenary of the founding of the Servants of Mary, more commonly known to us as the Order of the Servites, naturally draws attention to an institution which has many traits peculiarly its own. Four years after the deaths of St. Dominic and St. Francis, when Dominicans and Franciscans were already spread throughout the western Church, seven Florentine laymen, all belonging to the best families of the city, suddenly agreed together to leave their homes, and to live the remainder of their lives apart from the busy world. None of the seven were in Holy Orders, four of them were married men. They did not belong to the same political party ; some of them were Guelfs, some were Ghibellines ; and this alone, especially in the Florence of that time (as we shall see), was reason enough for perpetual estrangement. Though all were of high rank, and high rank, in that society, signified a caste quite apart, still there was a social distinction between them which again in the ordinary course should have kept them separated, possibly acquaintances but nothing more. For some were of the purest aristocracy, claiming descent from ancient times, others belonged merely to the "aristocracy of wealth"—merchant princes, bankers, silk-manufacturers, and the like. All, or almost all, had a long family history behind them, which linked them up with the story of Florence, and which could not but have entered deeply into the making of these young men. We may call them young, for at the time of their exodus the eldest was thirty-six years of age, the youngest ten years his junior ; young, but old enough to have played a vital part in a city which had a predilection for youth, and gave it opportunities such as has seldom been given to it at any other time or place.

That we may understand the significance of the action of these seven men, it is necessary to see something of the Florence of the early thirteenth century ; for even then, seventy years before Dante and Giotto, a century at least before the Medici appeared, long before the buildings and the art which were its later glory, Florence was a city apart. To the casual

student of the map of Italy, it may at first seem strange that Florence should ever have become of any account, or at least any more than its neighbours; placed at a point at the base of the Apennines, forty miles from one sea and sixty-five miles from the other, one might wonder what could have brought it into prominence. But when one notices that, as one looks north, on the right rises the huge wall of the Apennines, which armies have never cared to cross, and on the left the swift and deep river Arno runs to the sea, almost in a straight line, one realizes that well nigh the only passage from the north to the south of Italy was at the ford where crossing was practicable, the spot which now is Florence. That point was the gateway to Rome from the rest of Europe. Even before Christian times the Roman dictator, Sulla, had realized its significance when he founded there a colony of veterans to guard it; after the death of Julius Cæsar, Augustus made it even stronger. It was in defence of the ford at Florentia that Stilicho destroyed the invading barbarian army a few miles to the north; Charlemagne visited the place, and seems to have made it a kind of boundary stone to his empire, after he had absorbed the Lombard kingdom.

In later times there are many signs that Florence was all-important as a meeting-place between north and south, that is, between Empire and Papacy, in the conflict which went on for centuries. It was at Florence that, in 1055, the Emperor Henry III met Pope Victor II, under the charge of Hildebrand, for a Council of Reform; at Florence that Henry IV was foiled in 1080, a repulse which drove him to appoint an antipope. It was the centre from which the Papacy held and defended her northern territories against the invading emperors in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; it was also the city whose support the emperors strove most to win. This alone made Florence a kind of perpetual battle-ground, in the field of politics; while other cities were, ordinarily, either Guelf or Ghibelline, Florence was torn by both factions. So long as it was strong, and loyal to the southern monarchy, the road to Rome was safe; on the other hand, the invading Power that captured Florence had Rome at its mercy. And what applied to emperors and popes applied to others of lesser station. The high-road of the world at that time crossed the Arno at Florence; it was the stopping-place, not only for invading armies, or for statesmen, but also for the trade that now grew with every succeeding generation, as southern Italy

on one side, and the rest of Europe on the other, developed their industries and wealth.

It seems important to dwell here on this unique position of Florence, bestriding the one highway through Italy, and with no practicable by-pass running near it, because it explains its peculiar supremacy in the twelfth, and still more in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Thanks to their position, which made their streets the market-place of north and south, Florentine merchants extended their interests to every part of the Empire. The Florentines taught the value of money as a token for trade; if they were not the first, they were, for a time, almost the only bankers, a memorial of which remains in the still modern word, the florin. Industries, especially the richer industries such as the manufacture of silk, centred mainly in Florence; thus, while the ruling Powers in conflict with each other looked on the walled city as a key position to be coveted, the wealth of the world flowed into and out of its gates as it did through no other channel, not even through the capitals of Emperor or Pope.

It goes without saying that this could not but have had a profound effect on the inhabitants of Florence; one may say they were conscious of themselves, not necessarily in any evil sense, but as "citizens of no mean city," as were, probably, no inhabitants of any other city of that time. To be a Florentine meant far more than to be a Roman; all the more when the Pope himself did not live in Rome. They would brook no rival in their neighbourhood; they were at the head of the Tuscan League; more and more they developed among themselves the independent, republican spirit, with their own chosen podestà, their own elected priors of their guilds, their own signoria or parliament. At the period which we are considering there were living within the city walls some eighty thousand citizens, a very large number for that time; Siena, which claimed to be some kind of rival, had not forty thousand. Highest in rank among these were the nobles, the *grandi*, most of Tuscan, or at least Italian, descent, while others had come from the continent beyond, in the train of passing emperors. Next to them, but rivalling them both in wealth and in influence, were the rich burghers, the *populani* or the *populo grasso*, many of whose fortunes were enormous, and whose commerce took them to every corner of the Empire. Beneath these were the masses, the *populo minuto* as they were called; of these the various trades were

gathered into guilds, by which they voted, while there remained an inevitable fringe of outcast and poor. Lastly, Florence gradually developed an army of its own. The nobles were its leaders, and would accept no other rank; the order of knighthood, bestowed with much pomp and ceremony, became a coveted honour; the masses served as regulars, and almost all were trained.

The politics of Florence, as of all the cities of northern Italy, were dominated by the well-known parties of Guelf and Ghibelline, the supporters of the Pope and the supporters of the Emperor; but naturally here, situated as the city was, the feeling between the two was more bitter than elsewhere. The highest aristocracy, for the most part, tended to be Ghibelline; the wealthy burgesses and the people were mostly Guelf, since they saw in the protection of the Pope greater possibilities for their trading instincts. But in Florence the Guelf and Ghibelline quarrel had taken on a new form; it had become of the nature of a feud between different families. In 1197 the Buondelmonti, a powerful family in the neighbourhood, had been humbled by the Florentines and their castle had been destroyed. The Uberti, perhaps the most powerful family in the city, were supposed to have been at the bottom of this affair, and the families in consequence were now hereditary foes. To overcome this feud it was proposed that the heir of the Buondelmonti should marry a daughter of the house of the Amidei, who were related to and supporters of the Uberti. At the last moment the young Buondelmonte jilted the lady, and chose instead one of another house. This cost him his life; on Easter Sunday morning, 1215, as he rode up the street into the city past the home of the Amidei, he was pulled from his horse and murdered by young noblemen belonging to the Uberti faction, among whom it is to our purpose to note was one of the Amidei themselves. The murder fixed the current of Florentine politics for years to come; the Uberti and their faction pronounced themselves more than ever Ghibelline, and invoked the aid of the Emperor, the Buondelmonti were more than ever Guelf, and appealed to the Pope. For four years the city was divided, in a sort of civil war, though this was by no means for the first or the last time. This took place, be it noted, when the future founders of the Servite Order were already growing up, and were living in its very midst.

One further element needs to be considered that we may

form an opinion of the Florence of this time. Since the Crusade against the Albigenses in France under Simon de Montfort, the supporters of that heresy had been scattered, and had sought refuge, among other places, with their associates in the cities of north Italy. It is to be remembered that the name Albigenses belonged only to the sect as it existed in France; elsewhere it passed under other names, and was spread across central Europe, from Bulgaria even to Oxford in England.<sup>1</sup> There is no need here to discuss the creed of this sect; it is enough to know that it was in essence Manichæan, that it believed in a principle of good and a principle of evil, that it resorted, in its leaders, to the most unnatural asceticism, while among its rank and file all kinds of liberties were conceded. It was organized under a distinct hierarchy, not excluding a head who corresponded to Pope and emperor; it was opposed to all existing government; a modern writer of knowledge has compared it to Russian Communism to-day. In Florence, at this time, perhaps because of its growing wealth, this sect, here called the Cathari, was exceptionally strong; and the influx from the Albigensian area, added to internal dissensions, only increased the evil. One chronicler speaks of a hundred Catharist hierarchs being in the city, another counts as many as a third of the citizens among the infected; and as in France, for political purposes, some of the nobility had been their supporters, so in Florence they found allies among the Ghibelline aristocracy.

It is on a background such as this that we may best judge of the significance of the Servite Movement in 1233—1234. In this light let us look at some of the Seven Founders themselves. First in importance, from the perspective we have chosen, was, perhaps, Bartolomeo Amidei. His was a leading family in the Ghibelline faction; from the Amidei palace the party had set out which had murdered the young Buondelmonte a few years before; a near relative of Bartolomeo had been one of the assassins. At the time of the retirement he was thirty-two years of age, was married, and had hitherto played his part in political affairs. Next to him, by way of contrast, we would place Ugucione Ugucioni, whose family

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Decree of the Third Lateran Council, 1179, where we read: *Eapropter, quia in Gasconia, Albigesio et partibus Tolosanis et aliis locis ita haereticorum, quos alii Catharos, alii Patarenos, alii Publicanos, alii alius nominibus vocant, invaluit damnata perversitas, ut iam non in occulto, sicut aliqui, nequitiam suam exercent, sed suum errorem publice manifestent et ad suum consensum simplices attrahant et infirmos; etc.* ("Denzinger," 401).

was practically one with that of the Buondelmonti themselves. He was of the same age as Bartolomeo, but was not married; his family were merchant princes and, of course, were Guelf. In these two, then, we have the first significant phenomenon. By all the rules of the game as it was being played in Florence at that time, these two should have been irreconcilable hereditary enemies; yet here we find them in this group, living together more intimately than brothers, with not a hint of difference between them.

Next to these we would place Alexis Falconieri. The Falconieri were perhaps the foremost of the *populani*; for more than a century their names appear in the highest offices of the republic. They were merchant princes, and possessed great wealth; they were acknowledged leaders of the Guelf party, and Alexis, as the eldest son, thirty-three years of age at the time we are considering, had already taken his place in the politics of his city. In contrast to him was Bonfiliius Monaldi. The Monaldi were pronounced Ghibellines. They had come into Florence centuries before in the wake of the emperors, and had long played a most conspicuous part among the *grandi*, or the old aristocracy. Bonfiliius himself, in 1233, was thirty-six years of age, and married; in addition to great wealth, he had evidently inherited his family's genius for government; for at once, when they came together, the other six placed him at their head, and till his death he remained their superior. We have thus leading the Movement two Ghibellines and two Guelfs, all four taken from the most influential and most implicated families on either side. The remaining three were Guelfs, sons of well-known merchant houses; and we may, therefore, notice at once that though five of the company were Guelfs yet they chose a Ghibelline to be their ruler.

We naturally ask how this fusion of apparently irreconcilable interests could have been brought about; the chroniclers tell us that it was by means of an organization known as the *Laudesi*. Some years before this time, thanks mainly to the spread of heresy, there had sprung up in the Church lay confraternities, almost all dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, a tradition which went back to the Council of Ephesus, eight hundred years before. Among these there flourished in Florence the confraternity which we have just mentioned. Both the Dominicans and Franciscans had made use of it elsewhere; indeed, the former may have been its founders. Its



main object seems to have been to unite Catholic laymen and women in prayer, drawn from every rank and class, so to counteract the Catharist united front, and, if possible, to mitigate that political hatred which so divided good Christians against themselves. The confraternity had spread with great rapidity, which alone seems to show that underneath the incessant strife and bloodshed described by the chroniclers there was, nevertheless, a strong force that longed for peace; history usually records the hatreds of men, it says little about peace and charity. In Florence especially this confraternity took on new life, just because its work was more sorely needed. Torn by religious controversy, and that of the bitterest kind, by political faction and family feuds which were an ever-recurring cause of bloodshed, Florence was weary of itself, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, there were many of the younger generation who had no liking for these endless, and to them meaningless, contests of their fathers. They would close them if they could, and the Confraternity of Our Lady gave them the opportunity. Here they met together and came to know each other; leaving enmities and differences outside, here they stood on common ground; in the service of Our Lady at least they found an outlet for their chivalry, in which they could fight side by side; soon, with the wise guidance of a sound director, they saw in that inspiration the means of killing and burying the past, and of building up their city on a new foundation.

But, as is often the case when great reforms are in hand, these seven enthusiastic youths soon saw that, to carry out their purpose, drastic action was needed. They had before them the example of the lately founded Orders, the Dominicans and Franciscans, which by the example of poverty and union had done such untold good throughout the world. They had also the example of hermits and recluses, some of whom were living in their neighbourhood, whose lives of sacrifice were a model to all around them. They would take a lesson from both. They would, by example more than by words, teach their fellow-citizens that neither by religious revolt, nor by party faction, nor by accumulating wealth, nor by their inordinate fostering of commerce, was Florence to be saved and her youth renewed. They would take the opposite means; they would discard the wealth that was theirs by right, they would set aside all politics, they would live together as brethren whatever might be their inherited prejudices, they

would leave alone all trading and beg their bread from door to door; most of all, they would unite in a common service, not first of all of Florence, nor of this faction or that, but of Christ and His Mother, "serving night and day." Thereby, if it were possible, they would lift the youth of Florence above the plane of its present bickerings; they would set before it ideals worthy of its romantic nature; they would divert the chivalry and genius of the city-state into channels worthy of itself. They would stand aside and live apart; under the mantle of Mary, their fellow-citizens should see how it was possible for the bitterest enemies to live together as one; they should learn how, by surrendering all, the noblest in the city could reach a happiness of which none of the gayest among them, with all their possessions, could dream. There was little room here for speeches or rhetoric, example alone would serve; and the seven men left all, their palaces in the city, their banks, their stores, their families, and made for themselves a common home in a shed (for it was little more) outside the city walls.

But they were not content merely to be Servants of Mary; they took specially to themselves Our Lady of Sorrows, and it may be of interest to look for the source of this special devotion. Throughout the Church, for the last two hundred years, devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows had grown; as devotion to the Sacred Humanity of Christ had developed, so had spread devotion to Mary at the foot of the Cross. In the days of Monaldi's youth, close by the family mansion in the city, was a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Swoon, which had many devotees in its neighbourhood. In that devotion, as we may see as far back as St. Anselm, men had learnt by her example how to bear their own sufferings, and from compassion for her how to have compassion on each other. It was the last lesson learnt from Mary to tame the barbaric Middle Ages. Hence, probably at Monaldi's instigation, the seven young men saw in that devotion a still more certain antidote to the evils rampant around them. With all their superficial austerities, the Cathari could not stand beside Mary at the foot of the Cross; if they did they would find her mantle spread over them, and would do penance, not, as now, in wanton pride, but solely for her sake and for the sake of her Son. Drawn by the sight of her and her sorrows, Guelph and Ghibelline would forget their own grievances, and would unite in her service, taking her to their own. With their eyes fixed

on her, men would be less influenced and corrupted by the luxury around them; the sword that pierced her heart would stir "thoughts" and compunction in theirs.

It may now be possible to gauge the significance of the Servite Order, and to see it in its relation to the other two, which had preceded it by about a generation. We are often influenced by examples of which we are wholly unconscious; and the young Florentines who were moved to this adventure, for certainly it was an adventure of the most romantic kind, may well have been influenced by Dominican and Franciscan leading, without any consciousness of it in themselves. The Dominicans had settled in Florence twelve years before; the Franciscans already had a convent outside one of the city gates; inside the walls Agnes, the sister of St. Clare, had founded a convent of Poor Clares. The astonishingly rapid growth of these two Orders proves that the youth of this period only longed for leaders that would teach it to live its life on right lines; and these young men of Florence, with the Florentine vigour in them, in doing what they did only showed themselves to be part of the great revival. Dominic had captured, and had directed into right channels, the new desire for learning; Francis had shown how the growing lust for wealth was to be kept in its right place; it remained for the Seven Holy Founders to exorcise the third great evil of their day, and especially of their own city, the incessant spirit of faction.

Common to them all was a fourth enemy, the heresy which, under many names, had spread across Europe; if, indeed, we can call that a mere heresy which was more of the nature of Russian Bolshevism, or the Communist International. In the preceding centuries, from the days of the Council of Ephesus, the defence against false teaching had been found in devotion to the Mother of God; in this generation of revival it was the same. Dominic went into the battle rosary in hand; Francis followed, finding in God's Mother the climax of all his love of the things of earth; the Seven Founders, overcome with concern for the misery they saw around them, in the midst of the best the world could give, turned men's attention to the Queen of Sorrows, as the surest healing of all wounds. Thus the three Orders supplemented one another; there was room and work for them all.

We may conclude with a further comparison, which will partially explain the peculiar origin of the Servite Order,

unique as it is among all the Orders of the Church. St. Dominic, a cleric and a theologian, came into the fray from distant Spain, with a distinct object in view. The work was to be done, and he was sent to do it; from the first we see in him the born leader, seeing his goal, organizing his forces to attain it, and though he died quite young, yet he had so set his army on the march that it has covered the world and has endured vigorous to this day. St. Francis had no such mind; he did not first establish an Order, he let it grow round him; he was content to give it the living spirit which would never die, and to leave to others the making of the divers channels along which it should flow. The seven laymen to whom a good Providence entrusted the founding of the third Religious Order were even less ambitious than Francis. Like him, they were living in the midst of an evil which could only be met by its opposite; like him they took it on themselves to be that to which they aspired, rather than to do anything. Francis was to the world the model of the happiness of poverty; Amidei and Uguccioni, Falconieri and Monaldi, were the model of the joy of mutual peace. One man alone could not have done it; nor, perhaps, could a body of clerics. There was needed a body of men, of laymen who lived in the thick of the confusion, who would show by their lives how union was possible, and the source of pure gladness, just as Francis had shown both the possibilities and the gladness of poverty. With this object they began; at first, and for years, they would receive no neophytes or novices; this alone would seem to show that they had not in mind at the beginning any idea of founding a Religious Order. Only when the authorities had seen the sanctity and self-sacrifice in their lives, the enormous good their example was doing to the people of Florence, and the desire of others to follow their lead, only then, and that under obedience, did they form themselves into a corporate body, with Monaldi at their head, receive novices to expand and carry on their work, and prepare themselves for Holy Orders. And lastly, it is not the least significant illustration of the spirit that moved them that, while six of their number became priests, one should become the first lay-brother; and he was Alexis Falconieri, probably the richest of them all in this world's goods, and the greatest influence among the people.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY :

### TO RESTORE EQUILIBRIUM

**F**EW people—not excepting farmers themselves—realize even yet the extent of the quiet, one-year-old revolution in this nation's agriculture and marketing policy; the entire change of State aims and even of public opinion in this regard. Nothing since the Corn laws has marked so important a departure as the Marketing Acts of 1931 and 1933, in pursuance of which departmental orders are still being made for co-ordinated output in view of a more calculable home market.

More than most forms of producing, farming has been conducted in the past without much conscious concerted effort. Yet, in the event, farmers have been swifter than coalowners, for instance, or cotton-masters or steel-makers to take advantage of the openings made for them—on conditions. Some producers can easily point to anomalies and imperfections in the milk, bacon and similar schemes in the present phase of adjustment. Certain onlookers, too, distrust the intrusion of regulation into what has traditionally been an individualist occupation. Again, there are, I find, still a few survivors of the old school (which flourished from the fifties to the eve of the European War) who urge with an almost comical vigour that, anyhow, there is no need to bother about a home food-raising industry, for “can't we get food from abroad, cheap and bulked, in return for our exported manufactures?” No. We cannot. It is very sad that at this time of day it should be necessary to tell these amiable Rip Van Winkles this home-truth. But really *we* are not the arbiters in these world trade-currents: they are decreed and settled for us over our heads by the stark necessities on which *other* big populations instinctively act—to manufacture for themselves *and* at the same time to cherish their own agricultures for reasons of (a) security, (b) wealth and health and independence, (c) as an alternative and relief to urbanism and (d) to ensure that as States they shall be producers of as wide a variety of necessities as possible.

“Economic nationalism!” The phrase need not scare us, though it has a thoroughly evil connotation, suggesting a repudiation of the world-solidarity, emphasized by the Christian ideal and slowly being recognized even in mundane affairs. Up to a point, economic nationalism is a pre-requisite

for national stability : pursued with no regard for the needs or the good of other nations, it turns to evil and becomes a divisive force. As such, we do not contemplate it here. Our economic policy is Christian and realist at the same time. We must take account of what our neighbours are doing. We cannot ignore the deliberate policy outlined above, *a, b, c, d*. The irony is that the opposite policy—of “free” trade, dumping, under-cutting, the fevered search for markets, dependence on another nation for some primary need—*has not in the past made for peace* or a feeling of security. It has rather been the ever-present suggestion, at least, of fear and possible dispute and war—war of tariff, war of reducing costs, or war of the gun. Their theory is simply denied by the facts ; for all modern wars have (despite the propagandists) been really trade wars. There is a far healthier chance of tranquillity between nations who are more self-supplying than in the past, with fewer occasions of strain—or anyway less at each other’s mercy. Trade is finding new channels. In Britain we see the beginning (on purely economic ground) of a sort of virtually corporative State of regulated production. In a brilliant prophetic speech as Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, the Minister of Agriculture spoke of change and of the “endless adventure of Government.” *The Times* said :

Mr. Elliot’s view is that, whether we like it or not, the discoveries of science and the development of nationalism have ended the old system under which the production of the nations of the world was complementary. Economically speaking these nations are becoming less interdependent, and therefore the old methods of trading and of financing trade no longer apply.

This view ought to be obvious, instead of novel. Our start has been made with Food and Farming, because we are the most easily starved population in the world. Our politicians know that we were brought within a week of starvation in 1917, and the war on our foodships (as Smuts says) “brought England nearer to irretrievable disaster than she had been for a thousand years.” The General Staff know that, owing to the development of Air Torpedoes, we could be reduced to hunger quicker than ever before : no foodships could cross the sea to us within a fortnight of war’s outbreak. Now five million pounds spent on home food production is worth ten times that sum wasted on battleships, destined to be, along with their convoy of foodships, mere targets.

This is a devastating argument which those who think that a strong English industry of the soil doesn't matter, cannot answer. Instinct is at work in high places, slowly indeed, but effectively; and it will not now be deflected from its end by mere debating points drawn from a vanished state of things, urged by people who temperamentally dislike rural toil. The Archbishop of Liverpool is profoundly right, notwithstanding his recent critics, in calling a healthy state of agriculture the first step in self-preservation. Towns, of course, are needed as well as country: manufactures as well as fruitful fields. Britain will always have a great population engaged in factories, shops, offices; in the arts and professions. Good: but at present her condition is unnatural, top-heavy, out of alignment with the world-facts. Therefore nobody who cares for her balance and safety will fail to welcome the belated effort to supply her with a broader foundation, both for peace and war. We have indeed no option, for we cannot bully other people to go on taking our manufactures to the extent they did formerly.

I am well aware that excessive emphasis can easily be laid on the benefits of rural life and industry; but most people are putting the emphasis all the other way, and a small discerning minority may be allowed some latitude in correcting the tendency. The primary rural industries are only for a part of a nation, not for everybody: but I suggest that to have only seven Englishmen out of a hundred engaged on this first necessity is grotesquely unsafe, when France and Germany have their thirty and forty per cent so employed. Some day we may see ten per cent of Englishmen, or even (bold thought!) fifteen per hundred, engaged in providing the others with fresh, shire-grown food. The new regime may assist. In any case, the former unrestricted and growing competition from oversea countries, favoured by climate or cheap labour, with desperate underselling at home as a result, would have caused by this time more and more agricultural bankruptcies. Whatever the flaws in the Acts, there should be no going back to cut-throat competition. Will our people, most of whom are consumers, co-operate to set up a larder in England's midst and face a rise in prices which will purchase security and strength? There are people in our towns who make a fuss in the Press when Oriental cotton or Polish coal or German toys undersell our urban labour, but seem not to care when a much more vital industry is threatened with ruin by analogous causes. Do we genuinely *wish* to see a



balanced nation, broadbased upon the elemental sources? If so, I submit we might give the new methods a trial; for by giving greater certainty of livelihood to the farmer and the peasant, they preserve an essential class.

"But even with these guarantees of modest profit, is not farming a hard job?" it is asked. A very revealing question, that! What is meant by "hard"? What is the standard—catching the 8-15 a.m. to town, stopping at the desk, counter or bench till lunch at a crowded tea-shop; another spell of work till the *mêlée* at the bus-stop, or straphanging in the tube; wondering perhaps whether an "economy wave" is coming over the firm, and what precise good you are doing the world at your job? Let us be realists: this is the lot, and the frame of mind, of eighty per cent of Londoners to-day. Well, then, say farming is hard; it does not follow that A or B is called upon to embrace it as a job in preference to the vivid delights sketched a few lines above! Some people constitutionally like, as a background to their daily varied tasks (and farming is varied—about six jobs in one), open sky, down and heath, woods, stream, hill, silence, pasture, ploughland, lanes, barns, farm animals, a few folk and a village. Others, equally constitutionally, like streets, incessant buses, lights, tube stations, latest editions, cinemas, offices, cafés, shops, mills, gasometers, more streets, theatres, and more lights. The wise man makes his choice and does not scold the others. I am merely siding here with what Mr. Chesterton said over the ether the other night about "the colonizing of England by the English." Since the radical industrial changes resulting from the war, surface-reforms and palliatives are the best which our overgrown cities can hope for; but it is an instinct among the more far-sighted that the country is the fit theatre for a creative fresh start to meet the fresh situation. Even the "townee" now feels uneasily that no country will ever again be "the workshop of the world" or even a quarter of it. The time for that somewhat poor boast is over, and those of us who never believed that a nation should venture all its life and security on the power of under-selling others in cotton, coal and iron, no longer address a public that smiles at us as dismal pessimists. Along those lines there is no advance left. It was a virtual cul-de-sac when, even sixty years ago, Disraeli implored politicians and their dupes to look ahead to "the inevitable hour" when others, taught and equipped as we—Germany, Japan, Russia, Italy, to say nothing of vast America—would be making

the pace; and recalled us to our main lines of defence and to a more balanced social economy. These forecasts, which make impressive reading now, have fulfilled themselves; and every wide-awake English statesman to-day feels in his bones that our future is not solely nor specially in manufacture for export, but that, in Mr. Walter Elliot's words, "England must look for salvation to her green fields." It is simply a movement of self-preservation.

No doubt much of this conviction is implicit in the various enterprises fostered by Catholics toward rural settlement. But actually there is more in it than that. Not all of those who are spending time and money to this end have rationalized or argued the case. Some quote with approval a Papal Encyclical which refers to the "sane" life of the country-worker; others infer their justification from history, and trade returns; others again regard the country-side empirically, as just one sphere which happens to be the reverse of over-crowded and as offering, at the worst, good subsistence in food—a marked advance, even that, upon any promise which a stricken manufacturing area can make. But the enthusiasm shown by large numbers of practical Christians seems rather to be based upon a wider, less articulate ethical preference.

In the first place, the simplicity of conditions attributed to life on a farm, a holding, or in a colony is seen to be a good in itself; and complexity, beyond a given point, a severe sociological and psychological handicap. Time after time, civilizations make this discovery afresh. Forces from within or without bring it to the front. The rushing, mechanized civilization of the United States is a favourite theatre of such *hegiras*. Colonization, the trek for fresh fields, is in the blood there: witness their start with the Pilgrim Fathers and Sir George Calvert's Marylanders, and the trail into Kentucky so well described in Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "The Great Meadow," the colonizations related by Thoreau, and the experiments mentioned above. There is a too facile conclusion that "Communism" even when motivated by religion, and enlightened conscience, and worked by common sense, "doesn't work." The mere facts confound this assumption. Human nature is not entirely secretive or predatory, and the record of various groups of this sort is on the whole quite good—better than that of the commercial society encompassing them. It cannot be called "against nature." Against what nature and whose? For that matter, any state of civilization or society is against wild or selfish nature: and meantime

there will always be those who find advantages in a voluntary social unit which is less impersonal and irresponsible than "the world" at large. At least they have a right to try.

Religion has always, as an historical fact, taken a more favourable view of the husbandman and his surroundings than it has of the manufacturers' and the financiers'. A classic expression of this is in Newman's account of how the country and the early monks saved civilization, which is worth quoting both for its exquisite English and its strong common sense :

They had eschewed the busy mart, the craft of gain, the money-changer's bench, and the merchant's cargo. They had turned their backs upon the wrangling forum, the political assembly, and the pantechicon of trades. They had had their last dealings with architect and habit-maker, with butcher and cook ; all they wanted was the sweet soothing presence of earth, sky, and sea, the hospitable cave, the bright running stream, the easy gifts which mother earth, "justissima tellus," yields on every little persuasion. There have been great Orders whose atmosphere has been conflict, and who have thriven in smiting and being smitten. It has been their high calling ; it has been their peculiar meritorious service ; but, as for the Benedictine, the very air he breathes is peace.

Nature for art, the wide earth and majestic heavens for the crowded city, the docile beasts of the field for the wild passions and rivalries of social life, tranquillity for passion and care, the Creator for the creature, such was the normal condition of the monk. . . They were not dreamy sentimentalists, to fall in love with melancholy winds and purling rills : their poetry was of hard work and hard fare, unselfish hearts and charitable hands. . .

They made a way into the labyrinthine forest and cleared just so much of space as their dwelling required, suffering the high solemn trees and the deep pathless thicket to close them in. . . To say that peace may engender selfishness, and humility become a cloak for indolence, and a country life may become an epicurean luxury, is only to enunciate the over-true axiom, that every virtue has a vice for its first cousin. *Usum non tollit abusus.*

And—to turn to one, unlike the great Cardinal in so many respects but with a shrewd insight into modern conditions,

J. A. Froude—he has these words about the drawbacks of urbanism :

The time may not be far off when men will be sick of making or missing fortunes, sick of being ground to pattern in the common-place mill-wheel of modern society ; sick of a state of things which blights and kills simple and original feeling, which makes us think and speak and act under the tyranny of general opinion, which masquerades as liberty and means only submission to the newspapers. I can conceive some modern men may weary of all this, and retire from it like the old ascetics—not, as they did, into the wilderness, but behind their own walls and hedges, shutting out the world and its noises, to inquire whether after all they have really immortal souls, and if they have, what ought to be done about them.

And how do these recurrent longings square with the possibilities afforded by to-day ? Let an economic and agricultural expert like Sir John Russell answer :

Group settlements or colonies of cultivators afford the best chances of success. . . Persecuted sects have repeatedly done well as settlers. In Canada there are many colonies of such sects ; throughout Russia there are colonies which were originally German, many of them successful. The colonies that have succeeded have usually been made up of people knowing that they must rely upon themselves, and united by some strong common bond of sentiment ; frequently a religious bond. The Jews colonizing Palestine are working partly on religious but mainly on national lines ; they are building up a national home, not working for individual wealth. Many of them are succeeding.

In this country various religious bodies—the Salvation Army, the Church of England, the Catholic Church and others—have set up colonies in the country in which religious motives play a very strong part. The point is this : successful mass colonies are not as a rule primarily economic ; people are not there to make money but to live their lives in some particular way that is much more important to them than money. We must admit that we are not a highly idealistic race and we have no right to assume that any large number of our people would settle on our land excepting on a cash basis. And yet one could make up some very attractive colonies nowadays. The dis-

comforts and hardships of the nineteenth century settlers could be largely eliminated and the hard labour and the disappointments greatly mitigated, thanks to our enormous advances in knowledge and technical resources. It would of course need organization and a determination on their part that they are going to succeed under an accepted leader. Their purpose would be to live, not to amass wealth—they certainly would not become rich, but they could have interesting, healthy and vigorous lives.

This is a promising road which is now being explored by one group, primarily religious in motive, but profoundly practical in its personnel and in the acceptance of expert advice and trained labour. It is a family of families. That is to say, the Smiths remain the Smith family, the Robinsons remain so, each responsible for the farming of their respective acreages, and so far in no way at all different from any other English families in the country-side. It is in the large scale purchasing (at wholesale rates) and of course in marketing at an advantage together, that they score: and further in the free exchange of useful information, neighbourly help gratis should that ever be needed, and social intercourse. For the rest, they have realized, as Mr. Adrian Bell says, "farming is a kind of family communism"; or, in their own words, that the family farm, grouped, and run first for subsistence and then for disposal of a good surplus, is the safest economic unit—and can be the happiest human working unit—even as the family is the divinely instituted unit in the Christian dispensation. Certainly it is this unit which has on the whole best weathered latterday storms, when many a large speculative and specialized farmer has come unstuck in the general *dégringolade*. But whatever further settlements are being begun, let the constructive patriots responsible be sure to take the county organizer's advice as to all soil capabilities, the Board of Agriculture's upon marketing, and the regional farmers' upon cropping systems and such details. Above all, be practical; the freight is too precious to entrust to the skiff of idealism alone. A generous sprinkling of trained and experienced heads and hands is another first necessity of such schemes. These given, a year ought to see them near to solvency or a modest profit, with land and people alike in good heart.

After all, enough experience has now been gathered to render unnecessary the pardonable errors of the past, and to give no occasion to the street-minded critic to scoff. I was talking

with Signor Mussolini in Rome recently on "the new agriculture" everywhere visible from the Piedmontese valleys to far beyond the Campagna; and I had with me the popular colour-illustrated weekly which was founded by his late brother, Arnaldo. He was emphatic on the need for a de-urbanizing policy and a genuine and distinctive rural culture and polity, where people could live "in the round" and not be part-men existing by some single function—for a syndicate. Every race, he believes, should—while exchanging exchangeable goods and ideas—regard itself as a total productive unit so far as Nature allows; that is, should contain a balance of the chief trades, crafts, commodities and talents—and above all a large and independent yeomanry of the soil. It is a "way of life" more than a trade.

Far deeper than any cure which our Socialism or Fascism can provide, a remedy awaits the lopsidedness and artificiality of our system, in which the majority cling feverishly to the crowded places for a hand-to-mouth wage, or dole, and fear change, migration, pioneering or naturalness; and are (as Mr. Chesterton lately said) so uninterested in *living* and creating that they have to manufacture unreal substitutes like electric hares and the cinema and evening-paper dope, put up in bright bottles for them by tired cynics. Speaking of the English, J. A. Froude prophetically said in "Oceana":

They will grow into a healthy nation when they are settled more in their own houses and freeholds like their fathers who drew bow at Agincourt; when they own their own acres, raise their own crops, breed their own cattle, and live out their days with their children and grandchildren round them. Fine men and fine women are not to be reared in towns, among taverns and theatres and idle clatter of politics. They are Nature's choicest creations and can be produced only on Nature's own conditions: under the free air of heaven, on the green earth amidst woods and waters, and in the wholesome occupations there.

Competition, speed, clotting together in towns, the growth of non-vital occupations, complexity—I may be told these are a law of Nature: but Nature has many laws, and when occasion requires (as in the present traffic-jam throughout the world) supersedes one by another. The law at such times is enforced and drastic simplification, a return for re-creation to our primary sources.

W. J. BLYTON.

## A NATURALIST AT HEYTHROP<sup>1</sup>

*Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes—Vergil*

**I**N early March, the time of cold sunshine and sweeping winds, he whom we shall call Umbricius noticed a goldfinch boldly feeding on the dandelions of the cricket-field. Soon after this, he saw the flash of golden wings in the valley near Great Tew, and observed a pair of these birds at Heythrop itself, busy among the weeds in the gardens. Now he had spent most of his life in the mountains of the north, or across the seas, and only during a short stay at a place called Golden Grove, near Roscrea in Ireland, had he seen goldfinches flying about as if they were common birds and not bright rarities in the pampered captivity of an aviary.

Therefore this sight filled him with surprise and pleasure. He remembered that all our migratory birds would be returning soon, that the thrushes, blackbirds, robins, even wrens must have begun to build, and he set out on frequent expeditions to renew his acquaintance with them all, but especially to find a goldfinch's nest. For he wanted to rear some young birds for the aviary as companions to the one goldfinch already there, so as both to enchant the eyes of beholders and enhance his own ornithological fame.

By the end of April he had walked through the whole neighbourhood, orchards, shrubberies and woods, and, though he did not succeed in his particular quest, many thrushes' nests, carefully lined with clay, already contained their blue eggs, and blackbirds fled shrieking in needless alarm from every bush. By May he had almost forgotten his ungranted desire in the joy of daily fresh and interesting discoveries of the ways of nesting birds.

Even the swans were busy, and at the shallow end of a reedy pond, were piling up a great mound of leaves and sticks, like an avian Mount St. Michael from which they would try to drive all curious humans by angry hissings and pugnacious advances. Other waterfowl were domiciled among the reeds close by, and in the wood beyond some tawny owls had adapted a large abandoned nest to their own

<sup>1</sup> The "Collegium Maximum" of the English Province, S.J., situated near Chipping Norton, in Oxfordshire.



purposes. Near the house itself in the hollow of an old holm oak, another tawny owl had set up its abode, and Umbricius, flushing it one day, noted how the colours of the feathers deepened to a russet hue, and that its wing-spread, as it swept away, measured about three feet.

By this time spring had really come, and Umbricius had witnessed the fair sequence of early flowers that the former owner had cunningly planted for the pleasure of his successors. Snowdrops and yellow aconites, purple cyclamen and crocuses, gave way in turn to the various anemones and celandines. The tiny red flower of the hazel had appeared and leaves had shrouded the early catkins of the willow.

Doubtless Adam "named" the vegetable world as he did the animal, but that vocabulary was lost in the Fall, and his descendants have had to repeat the process for themselves; which, prompted by their instinct for order and classification, they have done almost to excess. It is a poor weed that has not got at least two names, one of them learned and respectable. If "Stinking Bob," for instance, does not care for his soubriquet, he can put "*Geranium Robertianum*" on his visiting-cards. And so of many others. Umbricius found variety in learning to "name this child" of Mother Earth, or that other, and noted how the stark Saxon titles—wound-wort, lung-wort, etc., preserved the memory of their medicinal uses. Nothing adds interest to a country-walk like the pursuit of such knowledge. The first leaves were now covering the beech trees with a fresh transparent gauze, and Umbricius determined to inspect the famous and far-stretching beech avenues of Ditchley Park, a fairy sight in spring time. In his walk thither, he was, so to speak, accompanied for a time by a flight of five great herons which rose out of a field beyond the ponds and flew in front of him by stages of a few hundred yards as he progressed, giving him plenty of opportunity of admiring their stately winged-play and landing processes.

In May Umbricius found a greenfinch's nest in the shrubberies, and, with Silvanus who shared his enthusiasm, he searched them all again, discovering no less than a dozen such nests, besides a great number of chaffinches' and of other kinds. Moreover, though the goldfinch still evaded them, they came across two bullfinchs' nests, one robbed by some unknown villains, probably jays, for these too had a nest somewhere about, and Umbricius, later on, saw their fledged young, a fleshy-coloured, bad-mannered, noisy brood. The

other nest was nearer the house, and in due time he removed it, and himself saw to the rearing of the half-fledged young birds. The devotion he brought to his task was well rewarded by the demonstrative though doubtless interested affection which his fosterlings showed him. They would fly twittering in a cloud towards him, and perch on his shoulder or on his head, and even after they had been placed in the aviary with a large number of more sophisticated canaries, they continued these attentions for some time and would allow themselves to be handled.

Yet with all this zest for the contemplation of "happy living things," Umbricius could not call himself a scientific naturalist. He was not insensible to the sheer beauty of a rare pair of kingfishers along our stream, high though it was in the Cotswolds, or of the armies of daffodils, that form fours and forties and four hundreds all over the grounds in their trooping season, or of the later bluebells and narcissi. But he could not, like others, have assembled them mentally in races and clans and families with resounding names. *He* was not one to peep and botanize on his mother's grave, for all that he was able to assure his friends that the first green tree visible from the house was showing flowers not leaves: for it was a maple.

Yet he did not quarrel with those whose interests were other and perhaps deeper than a mere desire to know the names and characteristics of the things they saw. Silvanus, for instance, had far more knowledge than he, being given to the dissection of plants, and the "pressing" of blooms in large books. Tityrus, on the other hand, loved the old philosophy that imagined in birds a predominance of the fire-element which raised them above earth-bound creatures like ourselves, and even the ancient myths that personified so much in Nature, seeing goddesses in woods and streams; oreads, nereids and the like born in the sunlight of the south; gnomes, pixies, trolls and other denizens of dark forests of the north; fairies and the little people of the Celtic twilight, claiming a share in the faith even of Christian folk. "Those old essential can-dours," supplemented by the Christian recognition of the Creator energizing in His loved creation, made earth a living and a radiant thing in his eyes, which too much detailed fact would have turned into a museum specimen. And his sympathies found at times expression in verse, as in the lines "To

a Pied Wagtail," of which Umbricius took the following copy :

Black-and-silver pierrot, dapper as a lord!  
Dainty little columbine, dancing on the sward!  
Head and tail afirting, racing o'er the flat,  
Leaping, pirouetting, all to catch a gnat!  
Even so the flamelets, from their heart of fire,  
Flicker o'er the embers, hither, thither, higher.  
Thou, a flame more exquisite, dance for our delight,  
Garbed in black-and-silver, dappled little sprite!

Between the scientist and the poet, Umbricius held on his own way, with perhaps a leaning towards the latter. He felt, more than he could express, the unseen throbbing life in all the tangled growth of the woods, sharing its unreflecting zest and swept away by that same force that makes the grass grow, buds open, birds sing, and the pageant of the seasons unendingly unroll its age-long splendours. He liked, too, to glimpse the hidden activities of tiny and furtive folk in meadow and underwood, those green and red little creatures that spring on to an open book, field-mice and moles, undulating squirrels, wriggling stoats, the long snakes so common here, the gold-green lizard on a stone wall. He watched tits darting into the small holes in yew trees or into cracks in garden walls, and found the nests of the tree-folk almost as intangible as the goldfinch's. Near a bowling-green he had often noted, in a swift flash of colour, a shy nuthatch dodge deftly behind a trunk, and, like stealthy little mice, the tree-creepers go upside down along a branch. The goldfinches remained a promise and a prospect for another season, since he had marked quite a flock of them on some Irish yews near the rockery.

Umbricius, even had he wanted, could not overlook the rooks, which inhabited a large and lofty rookery close to the house. Their presence he felt was an exceptional piece of good fortune. Their ways were so various and their huge republic, inaccessible even to the climber, was yet so plain to see, that their quaint habits were an unending joy. Moreover, in their midst, as well as in the chimney pots of the house, live very many jackdaws, a more friendly and tameable folk. No tree tops for them, but snug and accessible holes in the trunks. Pigeons, too, nested in the clumps, but they were so ordinary that they could almost be ranked with domestic fowl.

Birds in this neighbourhood, where no gun is fired, where

every prospect pleases and men are not so vile, lose much of their shyness, and Umbricius succeeded in taming several varieties—jackdaws, of course, cole-tits, and even a young owl, discovered by responding in its innocence to a decoy-call. When found it was a round white ball of fluff, its small feathers as thick as the wool of sheep in winter. It was already eight inches high and it proved an engaging creature, answering to call and returning for food when, fully-fledged, it was set free.

By that time even this long summer and mild autumn had yielded to winter. The crab apples and blackberries in all the woods had been most plentiful. No longer a mere disinterested observer, Umbricius joined in collecting them and in gathering the crops of elderberries, the rich purple juice of which was made into wine according to the custom of our forerunners. The juice diluted with water was boiled in a large copper into which quantities of raisins, pounds of sugar, cloves, and ginger were also thrown. The result fermented with yeast and placed in a barrel to mature for six months is a healthy and palatable beverage. Just as the squirrels had stored their nuts and the bees their honey, so we too made provision for the months when Nature rests. Those pleasing signs of autumn's close, the piles of swept-up leaves and twigs all over the grounds, made appropriate funeral pyres as they flared and smoked in the wintry air.

Yet, though flowers and leaves depart, many birds remain for our consolation. They come to window-sills and flutter round our steps in the garden. Umbricius has many thus on the dole—chaffinches, robins, sparrows and tits, jackdaws, and even rooks. All the birds collect in flocks, even the bullfinches that were almost unseen throughout the summer, so he could watch the ordered flight of starlings patrolling in the fields, and the rooks' fantastic manoeuvres in the high winds. From all this contemplation of material things, Umbricius returned refreshed to the study of their causes. In more ways than one ornithology lifts the mind above the earth.

HORACE WHELAN.

## A CUP OF HEALING

### I

THE old Cornish manor lay half hidden in the trees about half a mile up a coombe which sloped gently down to the sea. The day was hot and cloudless and had an intensity of light that is rarely seen in England. From the western front of the house, which faced down the coombe, the Atlantic could be seen still and radiant in the sunlight, a wedge-shaped piece of vivid azure, framed on either side by the wooded hills of the little valley, down the centre of which ran a thick carpet of bright grass till it mingled at the end of the coombe with the shingle and sand of the sea. In the distance Lundy Island rose, like a rough-hewn, misty amethyst set in the ocean's lustre. At the back of the Manor, the old walled garden, mellowed by three centuries of time, enclosed a rich variety of fruit and flowers. Over the background of grey wall masses of ramblers trailed their flamboyant beauty, while delphiniums displayed all their wonder colours from palest hyacinth to deepest royal. In the foreground a medley of sweet-williams, snap-dragons and other bright-hued flowers jostled one another in happy *camaraderie*. The scent of flowers and music of birds and bees filled the air that was redolent of June. From the direction of the stables a clock chimed two.

Under the shade of a hawthorn tree in this secluded paradise, sat a woman in an invalid chair. She had come here rather than remain on the lawn in view of her beloved sea because to-day she wanted to be undisturbed. An old school friend, staying at the Manor, had departed for a picnic with the Vicar's family, and nurse would not re-appear until tea time unless she rang for her. Now she could rest and think.

That morning, after breakfast, which, since the accident that had rendered her an invalid, she had always to have in bed, she had read an article in *The Church Times*, the only paper at the moment within reach, wherein, for the hundredth time, it seemed to her, the Pope's condemnation of Anglican Orders was triumphantly refuted. Why not leave it at that? What did it matter what a single bishop said? Christine, a sincere Anglican herself, was accustomed to bishops contradicting each other, even on essential points of doctrine. They

were none of them infallible and did not pretend to be. Why, then, make all this bother because another bishop, not even one of themselves, had, on the question of Orders, ideas all his own? She had lain back against the soft pillows, feeling no particular interest, when the amazing thing had happened. It had been as clear and sudden as a flash of flame—so clear indeed that Christine had laughed aloud—for she had suddenly seen, without any conscious process of reasoning, that the Bishop of Rome must be *right*, not because she had come to agree with him on this particular matter (or any other), but quite simply because he *was* the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, the Rock upon which Christ had said He would build His Church. Why she hadn't seen this before, was as great a puzzle to her now, as why she saw it then.

Let no one say that people are not converted so. They are. St. Paul was only the first of a long line favoured by God's mysterious Providence by a sudden and absolutely convincing spiritual illumination. Faith is a gratuitous gift, needing for acceptance honest goodwill far more than intellectual readiness. There are those who have to follow the gleam through long years of inquiry and indecision. There are others for whom the gleam unaccountably becomes a flash of intense reality, who can say with the favoured suppliant in the Gospel: "Now I see." It was on this new and wonderful dispensation in her own case that Christine wished to ponder at leisure in the depth of her garden.

Before the motor accident which had crippled her for life, she hadn't had much time or inclination for religious thought. She had accepted and practised her religion unquestioningly as all her family had done, but she had never gone deeply into theological matters, nor had she ever tried to reconcile the myriad inconsistencies and contradictions which she saw around her; and when, twelve years ago, at the age of twenty-nine, she had become mistress of the manor on the death of her father, after the first sharp pain of bereavement had lessened she had found life more and more entrancing. Athletic, young, attractive, rich, ever thoughtful for the happiness of others and to give pleasure to those less fortunate than herself, this sweet unselfishness, allied to an elusive charm of personality had, from childhood, always drawn people to her. And for twelve years—preferring her independence to marriage—she had reigned, like a little queen, in the happy circle that revolved about her. Then had come the

catastrophe which, in a moment, had changed her life into one of tormenting helplessness and black despair. At first, she had fought against her fate and only prayed that she might die, then gradually, as months wore on, she had forced herself to accept God's will, without, however, being able to regain anything like her former sunniness of disposition. She no longer prayed to die, but life brought little comfort or consolation. At times, indeed, a sense of utter misery held her in its grip.

However, last month had brought her some lightening of her burden, and the promise of better things, for she had had a visit from her only and well-loved brother Francis—the first since her accident. His company even for a week, had immensely consoled and strengthened her. Her thoughts centred themselves on him now.

His conversion nearly twenty years ago, his entering into a Religious Order, and finally his ordination, had surprised and hurt her, but had never lessened her affection for him. And lately his superiors had given him leave to spend a week with her on his way back to his midland monastery from Lourdes. She began to go over in detail the happy hours they had spent together in that all too short seven days. The idea of her dear Frank in a religious habit had always repelled her and she never willingly entertained the hateful thought. For she belonged to that strange section of High Anglicanism which hates Rome as ardently as any Orangeman. But all these emotions vanished, for ever, in his presence. How good he had been all these years, she mused, in keeping the promise she had wrung from him on his conversion, that he would never try to influence her to join his Faith nor even mention his new religion in her presence. The thought of any barrier between herself and Francis was hard enough to bear—a more solid one, built up on years of controversy she could not have endured.

It was the first time since her accident that he had seen her, and the gentleness with which he tempered his usual boyish good-humour, showed how true had been his understanding of the suffering that this life of utter helplessness meant to her now. His profession, on this last visit, instead of being a barrier seemed rather to draw them closer together.

One last episode of his stay came back with especial clearness. She had thought it so funny. On the morning before he left he had come into her room with a large blue can, and



after firmly ejecting the nurse, said he was going to give her a drink of "Lourdes water." She had protested vehemently, both on the score of religion and health—"since it comes from a place crammed with sick people, and has lain stagnant in a tin can for more than a week!"—he had been even more insistent: "Drink it, dearest, to please me, and *don't be such a little fool.*" Then he had half-filled a small antique crystal goblet from her table and handed it to her. "Oh, very well," she had said, for she wasn't going to have an argument with Frank, and on his last day, too—"then we will *both* drink; it shall be a loving cup." After taking a mouthful of the cool, clear water, she had given the cup to Francis, and, watching him drink (as he said) "her health," had thought wistfully, "Ah! if only it *had* the power to heal. . ."

How vividly it had all come back, now that his Faith was hers as well, and the delightful prospect of announcing the fact to Frank was before her. He must be the first to know, and his, too, the joy and privilege of telling her how one set about being received. For that was her fixed resolve. She had no doubts or difficulties. All had vanished in that brief moment of piercing illumination. She had reached the essential thing, she had seen Christ's *living, teaching* Church, "set as a city upon a hill"—and now all that she wanted was to waste as little time as possible in reaching it. How amazed Frank would be when he received her letter!—Or would he? Suddenly, thinking again of that crystal cup of healing Lourdes water, she began to wonder. . .

## II

The kitten gave three more licks to a diminutive paw, passed it ponderously round its tiny smoke-grey face, and abruptly ceased its ablutions. It then looked unblinkingly at the shaft of sunlight slanting in through the mullioned window, but deciding a greater attraction lay elsewhere, rose, and with great dignity walked across the floor of the room to where its other occupant sat tuning a guitar-like musical instrument, the tone of which was strangely sweet and silvery. It had been given to Father Francis many years ago in India, by a certain Maharajah, with whom the young subaltern on summer leave had come into contact, and later, his superiors, wisely encouraging an exceptional talent, had allowed him the use of it in his religious life. He it was that acted as parish priest—for the monastery church served the

neighbourhood as well—and being the star performer at every school or parish entertainment, he was wont to keep his flexible tenor voice in training by practising in his own apartment. He was now preparing to try over a new song, for which he had written both words and music, and so engrossed was he in his task that he didn't notice Sally, now seated before him, and gazing into his face with round, beseeching eyes. Sally hated the guitar, but continued to gaze on account of her devotion to its owner. Realizing at last nothing was to be gained even by patience, she walked round the musician and, crouching her small grey body into a quivering ball, sprang on to the priest's bent back. Her ten, needle-like claws pierced the habit and made him cry out, but Sally calmly finished her climb, and began with a resonant purr to rub her small person against his face.

Just then a laybrother entered the room, but seeing it was occupied, apologized, and hastily made to withdraw, but a cheerful voice recalled him :

"Come in, Brother Magnus; don't run away like that," and then, noticing the tools the brother held, the priest added : "Ah! you've come to finish that shelf? That's splendid, it will be an enormously useful thing to have in here."

"I've only a very little more to do, Father," said the brother, "I shan't be long," and he deftly set about his work.

"Long enough to hear my new song, Brother Magnus?" said Father Francis, ever the most grateful soul, and knowing that the brother was fond of his singing—wherewith, indeed, the priest was wont, on days of recreation, to entertain the fraternity; "I finished it only this morning." Then a silvery prelude began, increased in volume and died softly away, as Father Francis started a sweetly cadenced song, his voice natural, untrained, unspoiled, effortless, like that of the birds in the woods, making the room resound with melody. These were the words he sang :

Hark! there falls upon the ear  
Mary's bell, grave-tongued and sweet  
Angel tones, serenely clear,  
Tempering the noontide heat.  
Blessed Mother! from above  
Till this toilsome life shall end  
Shower upon our heads Thy love.  
Mary's children, would we spend  
Golden afternoons with Thee  
Broadening to Eternity.

But the door, alas! was ajar, and the singer, lost in his art, was giving it full-throated expression when suddenly through the opening appeared the Prior's head.

"My *dear* Father, don't you know it's silence? You're disturbing the whole corridor," it said: then, with a twinkle in its eye, the head withdrew as suddenly as it had appeared. The brother, his work finished, quietly departed. Father Francis, in no wise put out, laid aside his instrument, and took from his pocket a letter addressed in his sister's handwriting, which he had received some hours previously, and was still unopened. For it was his custom thus to control his impetuous desire for news of her. His face lighted up as he read, and with a fervent "*Deo gratias!*" he looked across when he had finished to a finely-carved statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, which stood, with a lamp burning before it, in a corner of the room. Then, steadying Sally with one hand, and with the letter in the other, he went and knelt before the shrine in silent thanksgiving, in which the innocent kitten seemed to join.

The Prior had hardly returned to his room which was bare yet businesslike, when the sub-Prior visited him holding in his hand a rain-washed piece of notepaper with the end torn off, and covered with what seemed to be verses.

"I found this in the little beech wood near the Lourdes statue," he said, "and thought you should know about it. I couldn't help recognizing the handwriting and as for what is written—well, see for yourself." The Prior perused the document in silence.

"Seems to me like a love-poem," continued the sub-Prior, after waiting a few minutes. His Superior did not seem to react as he ought: indeed, this was not the first time that he had failed to show himself alive to the importance of his, the sub-Prior's information. The Prior gazed abstractedly out of the window.

"I thought it my clear duty to bring it to you," went on the other, "I hope you think I acted rightly?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Prior, "you were quite right, but I think you take too serious a view of the matter. It is a love-poem right enough and—well, I assure you you needn't worry about it: I'll see that the matter is settled satisfactorily. Any more business, Father?" The sub-Prior departed, vaguely uncomfortable, yet relieved that his Superior knew the facts.

## III

Autumn had come so quietly to England that it was hard to realize summer had really gone. Yet the corn stood in shocks in the monastery fields and the hay-ricks bulked large in the farm precincts. To-day mist-white clouds hung high in the hazy blue of the sky, giving promise of the warmth that was to follow—for the day as yet was young. Only the copper-russet of the trees spoke unmistakably of autumn.

Father Francis, hurrying round the corner of the sacristy-cloister that morning, had nearly over-turned Father Stephen hurrying in the opposite direction.

"My good man, why don't you look where you're going," said the latter with some excusable irritation, for Father Francis was large and he was not, and he had had a painful jolt. Then charity quickly mastering his ill-temper, he added, "I'm glad you've got such a fine day for your sister's reception. By the way, who is going to do the deed?"

"I am, of course," said Father Francis.

"Don't be absurd," said Father Stephen, "you can't hear your own sister's confession, it isn't done."

"Isn't it?" said Father Francis with a smile, "well it soon will be," and with that he hurried into the church.

Meanwhile, Christine, who had made the journey from Cornwall in an ambulance, was housed in a rose-covered cottage on a hill overlooking the monastery and its grounds. There had been great competition amongst the villagers as to who should have the privilege of accommodating their beloved pastor's sister. How Father Francis managed to fix on one without making the rest discontented was a secret of his own, but he had undoubtedly selected the best. From her window Christine could command a wonderful expanse of forest-land and tilth, brown-roofed buildings round the grey mass of the monastery, meadow land and stream—the trees and fields all painted with autumnal colours. Amid this beauty her eyes were especially held by the smouldering red-gold glory of a little beech wood in the monastery grounds, and as she gazed, it came to her that this was surely how God's human creatures should grow—more beautiful with age rather than less, since, as time passes, the features become a more perfect mirror of the soul. In her case at least this ought to be, for late in life the wonder of the Faith had come to her, lighting her life as, at a touch, the electric glow does a dark room. In that radiance she now saw that only through

suffering could one closely resemble the Man of Sorrows, and how those who are deprived of it are thereby handicapped. But for her accident, would she have been given the Faith? That which had maimed her body, she was now sure, had loosed and healed her crippled soul, so that at last, free from the haste and distraction of the world, she could, in silence, listen, and listening, hear and follow when He called.

Just before one o'clock Christine entered the Priory in her chair, wheeled by nurse. Suddenly she felt terribly small, but at the same time utterly and completely at home. Little waves of excitement and happiness ran through her, as, passing half way up the nave they turned sharply to the right and entered the Lady chapel, where, in the sanctuary, Father Francis could be seen busily moving about. As they approached he hastened towards them and kissed his sister tenderly ("Just as if we were at home!" thought Christine). The nurse quietly left them.

"Happy, darling?" asked Father Francis, and the radiant smile she gave him was sufficient answer.

"I'll run along now and get ready," he continued, giving her hand an affectionate and reassuring little squeeze, "I shan't be a couple of minutes." As he walked quickly across the church—empty at this midday hour—he saw the Prior kneeling not very far behind Christine. He had volunteered to assist at the simple ceremony, when he heard that she longed to be received by her brother, in spite of the fact that his work would be still more in arrears—which would mean his working late—but that was his kindly way.

In a few minutes Father Francis returned, vested, to the Lady chapel, and the simple ceremony of Reception began. Christine recited the long Profession of Faith in a firm voice, and received the waters of conditional Baptism; then Father Francis placed a chair by her side, and assuming a violet stole, proceeded to hear her first confession, almost at the feet, as it were, of Our Lady. The Prior moved away to the back of the church. Father Francis had carefully explained beforehand what a general confession meant—a recital of really serious breaches of God's law, not a meticulous recalling of every trivial fault—consequently Christine, who, as an Anglican, had always dreaded the ordeal, felt surprisingly free from fear or awkwardness. The murmur of voices soon ceased. As Father Francis, on his way to the sacristy, passed the votive candle-stand ablaze in honour of Our Lady, two

candles fluttered out their little lives of prayer and Christine commenced her thanksgiving.

"Why, there wasn't anything to be afraid of at all," she told Our Lord, "it was just like coming to you at Nazareth, and telling you everything kneeling by you in your own home. . ."

Which, of course, was just exactly what it was—and is.

## IV

It was night. The clock in the corridor struck eleven. The Prior, seated at his desk with the sub-Prior facing him, folded some papers, put them in a long envelope, then sealed and directed it.

"I'm sorry to have kept you up so late, Father," said he, "but this business of the plans had to be settled. They should have gone back a fortnight ago. I doubt very much," he added, "if we shall get the stalls by Christmas now."

"Well, if we don't," said the other, "it can't be helped. It would have been absurd not to have waited until we could get the Professor's opinion; those suggestions he made were invaluable."

"I agree," said the Prior, with a certain lack of enthusiasm in his voice.

"And if Miss Myth throws a fit at the delay—*let her*," said the sub-Prior, who had no patience with pious ladies who attached exacting conditions to their gifts. The Prior smiled. It wouldn't be his subordinate who would have to waste his time and keep his temper during innumerable interviews in the parlour which he foresaw with Miss Myth, if her gift was not visible in all its glory at her own appointed time!

The Prior placed the envelope in the locked postal bag, which the postman would take away when he delivered the morning mail. Then both he and the sub-Prior passed into the dimly-lighted corridor, treading softly so as not to disturb the sleeping house. Suddenly the Prior stopped, and putting his hand on the other's arm, paused listening. But for the intense stillness, the sound that reached their ears would never have been audible. Very softly it came again—intermittent and very low—but unmistakably the sound of music. The Prior glanced at the door of Father Francis's room, near which they were standing, but no light showed beneath. Then very quietly he turned the handle and pushed the door slightly open. The room was in darkness except for the small blue lamp which burned before the Lourdes statue. Yet, the main

impression he got was one of light—of a pure ice-blue iridescence, radiating from that spark of fire. The light which shone on the Madonna fell also on an upturned face before her. Father Francis was kneeling there, and in his hands he held his little Indian guitar. A strangely sweet and haunting melody reached the ears of the watchers—yet no louder than the sighing wind in the trees on a summer night. Then, very softly, Father Francis began to sing—

O how kindly is the night  
 When the clear stars rise,  
 To illumine with soft light  
 The deep wine-dark skies!  
 Ah! but dearer far to me  
 Is that light I long to see  
 Beaming forth so tenderly  
 From thy love-deep eyes.

How musical the trees  
 When, with thrilling voice  
 Spring in every rustling breeze  
 Bids the woods rejoice!  
 Music sweeter to my ear  
 Is the cadence, soft and clear,  
 Of thy voice, my dearest dear,  
 Thine, my heart's sweet choice.

All thy graces I would sing  
 Are as ocean deep,  
 Yet thy praises dare to ring  
 As my chords I sweep.  
 Golden heart, so kind and true,  
 Love of thee is ever new;  
 Blessings fall from thee as dew  
 On the fields of sleep.

Dearest Mother of my soul. . .

Very quietly the Prior closed the door.

"It was a love-song, wasn't it, Father?" he said with a mischievous glance.

"O—Oh, I see . . ." said the other.

"And did you see," said the Prior, "did you see—no doubt an effect of the lamp-light—that the Loved One seemed to smile?"

M. M. FARR.

[NOTE.—It is within the knowledge of the Editor that the above story in its main outlines is true.]



## THE ORIGINS OF THE S.V.P.

THE centenary of the foundation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, celebrated last year, was the occasion for renewed praise and acclamation for the wonderful social and charitable work carried out by that organization, which began in such humble circumstances in Paris in May, 1833, and is now a world-wide Society numbering its members by thousands.

In most minds the name of Frédéric Ozanam is intimately bound up with the early history and development of the Society, and the average Catholic would probably say that he is rightly called its founder.

Last year there appeared in English two books dealing with Ozanam and his work—one a brilliant sketch by Father J. Brodrick, S.J.<sup>1</sup>, the other a bigger and simpler book, viewing Ozanam from several angles and dealing more especially with his work and later influence in Italy.<sup>2</sup>

Both books, without going deeply into the matter, perpetuate the tradition that it was Ozanam who was the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Thus, Father Hughes says—rhetorically—"He was stung to action by those words. Perhaps he had been unconsciously awaiting that moment all his life. '*Allons aux pauvres!*' ["Let us go to the poor!"] he burst out hotly to his companions. He left the hall, went out and founded the St. Vincent de Paul Society" (p. 52).

Father Brodrick is less terse and more careful. "It would be good to know a little more about those first approaches to the great scheme, but Frédéric, humble soul, put such pleasure beyond our reach. He tried afterwards in all sorts of mystifying ways to cover his traces and disguise his role in the foundation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. . . . Frédéric even tried by means of a public document to shift the title of founder on to M. Bailly, though that good soul had merely lent his protégés a room and acted as their chairman" (p. 33).

It is true that the origins of the Society of St. Vincent de

<sup>1</sup>"Frédéric Ozanam and His Society" (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 1s.).

<sup>2</sup>"Frederick Ozanam," by the Rev. H. L. Hughes (Alexander Ouseley, 3s. 6d.).

Paul are shrouded in obscurity. Most of the facts have had to be pieced together from letters, chiefly Ozanam's, and there are many gaps. For seven months no minutes of the meetings were kept, although the names of the first members have been preserved, and it was not till 1856 that any attempt was made to discuss the history of the foundation. An examination of such facts as we know, however, suggests that Ozanam has been given by a tradition of later growth too large a part in the foundation and early development of the Society, and that his name has thus overshadowed that of another remarkable Catholic layman of post-Revolutionary France, Emmanuel Joseph Bailly. Unfortunately we know all too little about Bailly's life. He ran a Catholic newspaper almost on his own, exercised a most valuable apostolate among the young university students at Paris, gave two sons and two daughters to the Church, and died at Paris in straitened circumstances in April, 1861. The part he played in the foundation and organization of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul can, however, be determined with something approximating to certitude.<sup>1</sup>

The University of Paris in the early nineteenth century had no college system such as we are accustomed to in our older universities, and the students had a great deal of freedom of choice in the matter of board and lodging. Such a system gave rise to boarding houses and hostels more or less specifically for students, some of which were even equipped with fairly well-stocked libraries and reading-rooms. They were, in fact, coaching establishments in a rather loose way.

Emmanuel Joseph Bailly had been a teacher of philosophy, and in 1819 settled in Paris. There he set up at 7 rue Cassette one of those boarding-cum-coaching houses which became known as the *Pension Bailly*. In 1820 he started a form of study club to promote lectures and discussions of papers among the students who boarded with him, under the name of the *Société des Etudes Littéraires*. The idea of such student discussions was by no means new, but Bailly's object was to turn the arguments to religious matters with a view to strengthening the students in their convictions and to popularizing Catholic defence and apologetics. In the same year he went into partnership with a M. Lévêque, who ran a similar establishment, and some years later they took over the con-

<sup>1</sup> The *pièces justificatives* of this paper have been taken from the collection published in *La Documentation Catholique*, T. 15, No. 325, March 6, 1926, where a remarkably complete study of the whole question is to be found.

trol of another society founded with a similar object and known as the *Société des Bonnes Etudes*. This was a much bigger organization, having its own meeting place and rooms at 11 Place de l'Estrapade. After a period of early success it had, however, begun to decline.

Bailly's personal influence began to attract to the discussions at his own *pension* many of the more ardent young spirits of this *Société*, and eventually it was decided to amalgamate the two bodies. In October, 1825, Bailly rented the house adjoining the rooms of the *Société* and thither transferred his *pension* from the rue Cassette. The two houses, 11 and 13 Place de l'Estrapade, then became known, under the one title, as the *Maison des Bonnes Etudes*. The student lectures and discussions, known as *conférences*, developed. Besides the original History and Literature conferences, further study-circles on Law and Philosophy were organized with great success.

Then in 1830 came the July revolution and it looked as though all would be ruined. However, in November of that year Bailly re-opened his conferences and hoped for the best despite a diminished number of students. The meetings were publicly authorized in 1831, and the threads of this ardent intellectual life were picked up with astonishing rapidity. A heterogeneous group of students, many of them anti-religious, discussed all sorts of questions, with Ozanam the most brilliant among them, and always an ardent defender of the Catholic cause.

Le Taillandier, one of the students, "tired of the eternal controversies," was perhaps the first to suggest a "réunion de bonnes œuvres," or "réunion de charité" as it came to be called later. But in the beginning he received little encouragement, even from Ozanam, until the dissatisfaction with the never-ending discussions began to spread and the apparently futile arguments began to pall. It was then that the four students agreed that Ozanam should consult M. Bailly.

Now Bailly and his friend, Lévêque, were of the same opinion, and had even decided to combat the attacks of the anti-Catholic disputants at the meetings by founding an organization which could be made a medium for the exercise of Catholic charity. Bailly had already for several years made a practice of visiting and helping the poor in their own homes. In 1830, after his marriage, Madame Bailly joined him in this work, and it was because she had been indecently

insulted in the course of one of these visits that she suggested that men were better suited to the work and that the young students should be urged to take it up.<sup>1</sup> The two organizers of the *Maison* felt that this form of work would not only be beneficial to the students themselves, but would be the best possible reply to the taunts of the sceptics, who held that Catholicism was decadent for it could show no good works.

The story of the students' deputation to Bailly, and of the first meeting in May, 1833, of the seven<sup>2</sup> members in the office of the *Tribune Catholique*—Bailly's paper—is well known. The office was smaller than the large lecture room or hall in the Place de l'Estrapade, and so more suitable for an intimate and friendly gathering of a special character. In keeping with the general background of the other meetings, however, the assembly was known also as a *Conférence*. The title was incorrect, of course, for lecture and discussion were to have no part in the new work of charity.<sup>3</sup>

After the summer holidays the weekly meetings were held at Bailly's house, and recruits became numerous. In December formalities began to be observed. Bailly was named president and, from the 17th, minutes of the meetings began to be kept. In February, 1834, on the motion of Le Prevost, the Society definitely placed itself under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, and the *Conférence de Charité* thenceforward became known as the *Conférence de St. Vincent de Paul*.

The choice of such a patron saint was obvious enough in view of the work contemplated; for the new organization was to be in many ways a revival of the *confréries de la charité* founded by "Monsieur Vincent" in 1617. It is not generally known, however, that the Bailly family had a great traditional veneration for the saint. During the French Revolution a

<sup>1</sup> The details are given in a letter written by Luglien de Jouenne d'Esgrigny who had been a law student in Paris and was vice-president of the *Société des Bonnes Etudes* in 1829.

<sup>2</sup> Ozanam used to say they were eight. So does the C.T.S. pamphlet, *Frederick Ozanam* (B. 322), p. 15. So does the Catholic Encyclopædia, Vol. XIII, p. 389. Father Brodrick (p. 37) points out that this is incorrect and gives the names of the seven. In the original documents of the Society—the *Origines*, edited by Lallier and published in 1882—they appear in order of age: Emmanuel Bailly, Paul Lamache, Felix Clavé, Auguste Le Taillandier, Jules Devaux, Frédéric Ozanam, François Lallier.

<sup>3</sup> Father Brodrick (p. 39) and Father Hughes (p. 63), as well as most other writers, have missed the significance of the term *Conférence*. It shows perhaps more than anything else the influence under which the new Society rose—that of M. Bailly, who had already organized so many other *Conférences*. There is a "defiance of its etymology" in the title, but not in the sense suggested by Father Brodrick.

large number of his writings had been preserved in the house of the family at Berteaucourt-les-Thennes, and Bailly's father had asked that they might be laid, almost as relics, on his bed as he was breathing his last. Bailly's brother, Joseph, was a Vincentian and, after the Revolutionary and Napoleonic alarms, had assisted, together with the future Madame Bailly, at the restoration of the body of St. Vincent de Paul to Paris. When Bailly's eldest son was born in December, 1832, the child was baptized Vincent de Paul.<sup>1</sup> In 1850 Bailly himself wrote a life of the saint, and characteristically enough published it anonymously. It would seem then that it was no mere chance or happy inspiration which suggested the saint as patron of the new Society. The title was the public expression of a devotion strong in the Bailly family, and seems to point unmistakably to Bailly's own influence.<sup>2</sup>

The development of the Society was enormously helped by the enthusiasm, piety and talent of Ozanam. Humanly speaking it might have remained merely a small Parisian *œuvre*, and might even have died out, but for the many and admirable recruits he brought or sent to Paris from Lyons. By January, 1835, the Conference was already over a hundred strong and it was decided to divide it into sections. Ozanam became the first president of one of the new Conferences, the one founded in the parish of St. Etienne du Mont.<sup>3</sup>

During the year 1835 Bailly drew up the definitive rule together with a series of preliminary remarks, and these were accepted at the meeting held on December 8th. The spirit of the Society is summed up in two sentences at the beginning of the rule. "We must always avoid giving to our undertakings the name of any particular member, whatever may have been his individual services, or of the places in which

<sup>1</sup> It was this Vincent de Paul who was known later on as Père Bailly. He became an Assumptionist, and from 1883 to 1900 edited *La Croix* under the pseudonym, "Le Moine." The "Catholic Encyclopædia" (loc. cit.) confuses father and son and mistakenly alludes to Père Bailly as the editor of the *Tribune Catholique*. See *The Monk and his Newspaper*, THE MONTH, June, 1933, p. 512.

<sup>2</sup> His personal devotion to the saint amounted to veneration. In the *Documentation Catholique* (loc. cit., col. 598) it is said of him: "Nul, parmi les membres de la Société nouvelle, n'avait, sous ce rapport, ni les antécédents ni la préparation de M. Bailly, qui avait été élevé dans le culte du saint patron de la charité. A force d'en méditer la vie, les exemples et les écrits, il s'était, pour ainsi dire, assimilé les préoccupations, les désirs, et même le caractère et jusqu'au style du saint." I have no competence either to agree or disagree with this last judgment.

<sup>3</sup> It is worthy of note that one of the principal objections put forward to the division was that it would be impossible for M. Bailly to preside over the different sections. His presidency must have been considered of value.

we assemble, for fear we may accustom ourselves to look upon it as the work of men. Christian works belong to God alone, the sole author of all good."<sup>1</sup>

This from the pen of the man who had presided at the first meetings, and at whose house they were held, throws a flood of light on Bailly's attitude towards the work, and manifests that spirit of simple cordiality and unselfishness so characteristic of all the early members.

For nine more years Bailly held the office of President, and finally on May 9, 1844, he sent to the Council-General a letter tendering his resignation. The occasion produced a general circular signed by the two vice-presidents, Ozanam and Cornudet, and the secretary, de Baudicour. It said: "As soon as M. Bailly had informed us of his irrevocable determination, our first impulse was earnestly to beg him to remain one of the Council. We represented that, though he might cease to be the President of the Society, he should never cease to be its founder, and that as such he still owed, he would always owe, to it the support of his experience and his kindness."<sup>2</sup>

Since 1913 a note has been added to this circular and appears on page 317 of the Manual. "Frederick Ozanam, the writer of this circular, has, from a sentiment of humility, magnified to an excessive degree the part played by M. Bailly in the foundation of the Society, in order thereby to diminish his own. It was in vain that his friend, Leon Cornudet, implored him to modify this text in order to approximate it more nearly to the exact truth. The historical researches brought about by the centenary of Ozanam's birth have indisputably established that it was he himself who played the principal part in the foundation and the early extension of the Society."

It is difficult to understand Cornudet's appeal to history since he was not, as Ozanam was, one of the original members. Later on, in 1856, he declared that he was anxious that the foundation should be looked upon as impersonal, and perhaps it was this which he wished to insist on in 1844. However, it was not merely in a public document that Ozanam credited Bailly with the title of founder. In a private letter dated October 22, 1836, written from Lyons, he congratulated Bailly on the splendid work he was doing for the university youth in Paris, and declared that it was Providence which had

<sup>1</sup> "Manual of the Society," English translation, 18th edition, 1929, p. 20.

<sup>2</sup> "Manual," English translation, pp. 318-9.

inspired him to found "our work" and had made it grow under his care.<sup>1</sup>

How is it then that a tradition has grown up which gives such a large place to Ozanam in the foundation of the Society and tends to reduce the role of Bailly to a secondary plane, or even to ignore his influence altogether? The cause lies probably in confusion of evidence, and finds its origin in an extraordinary discussion which arose in the French Press in 1856. The reasons for this discussion were perhaps more than anything else political jealousy fostered by local and family pride.

In March, 1848, Ozanam, Lacordaire and others founded a popular paper, *L'Ere Nouvelle*—"pour baptiser la démocratie." After the revolution in June of the same year the paper began to be accused of socialistic tendencies, and Louis Veuillot in the *Univers* began to write against it—bitterly and ironically. In doing so he also wrote against Ozanam. Now in 1833 the *Univers* had incorporated Bailly's paper, the *Tribune Catholique*. The discussions therefore tended to put the names of Bailly and Ozanam in opposition. *L'Ere Nouvelle* died—as has happened to many a small doctrinaire paper. But Veuillot continued to attack Ozanam, whom he accused of making friends with socialists and literary unbelievers, while not scrupling to disapprove of the actions of his co-religionists. In 1853 Ozanam died, and three years later Sœur Rosalie followed him to the grave. It was she who in the early days had found the families which the first members of the Conference were to visit. Naturally her death led to talk about the beginning of the Society. In the *Univers* there appeared an obituary notice which practically said that Ozanam was not the founder. The *Gazette de Lyons* took up the cudgels on behalf of its famous citizen and for some weeks a vigorous polemic ensued.

Old M. Bailly was still alive at the time and was much upset by a discussion which seemed to him almost indelicate. What followed is described in the *Origines*, the official documents of the Society.

"The Council-General wondered whether it would not be a good thing to re-establish the truth. At the meeting on

<sup>1</sup> This letter was first published in 1913 in the life of Bailly's son, "Le Père V. de P. Bailly," by E. Lacoste (Paris, Maison de la Bonne Presse). The following is an extract, p. 12: "Quoique votre humilité en murmure, Dieu vous a fait ainsi pour être le tuteur moral, le gardien de beaucoup de ses jeunes serviteurs. . . Sans doute la Providence n'a pas besoin de nous. . . Ce n'est pas sans quelque raison qu'elle a suscité en vous la pensée de fonder notre œuvre, qu'elle l'a fait grandir sous vos auspices."



February 25, 1856, the venerable M. Bailly protested with feeling. 'To make public the humble beginnings of the Society,' he said, 'would be to rob it of the merit of that obscurity which so well suits it.' Such highly placed confrères as Augustin Cochin and Leon Cornudet had to insist in order to obtain the insertion in the *Bulletin* of a very short note recalling that our Society had been from the beginning and had remained an impersonal work, created, developed and maintained by the collective zeal of all its members." This was exactly what Bailly wanted and was in agreement with what he had written in 1835 at the beginning of the rule.

On March 25th the *Gazette de Lyons* published a statement purporting to be signed by fifteen members of the first Conference of St. Etienne du Mont, which had been founded in 1835 and of which Ozanam had been the first president. It declares that Frédéric Ozanam had a preponderant and decisive action in the creation of the Society and that it was quite wrong to pretend that M. Bailly was the founder. The majority of the signatories are, of course, from Lyons; and one at least was a relative of Ozanam's.<sup>1</sup>

Yet the Council-General, without mentioning any names, managed to indicate clearly what it thought about the foundation. In the *Bulletin* of the Society for the same month of March was published a short note under the heading of *Faits généraux* in which the Council-General declared that if the history of the Society needed to be written it seemed to be given exactly in the Manual, especially in the preliminary considerations and in the circular of the vice-presidents-general dated June 11, 1844. Now that circular is precisely the one in which it is said that if Bailly ceased to be President of the Society he should not cease to be founder.

Bailly, however, persisted in remaining in the background, and his family and friends respected his wishes. He died in 1861, and after his death the Ozanam tradition developed more and more strongly until nowadays it is accepted almost everywhere as an established fact.

Will the true history of those early years ever be written? Can it be said that any single individual founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul? Probably not. Perhaps any dis-

<sup>1</sup> The statement is reproduced by M. de Lanza de Laborie in his contribution to "Ozanam, Livre du Centenaire." He does not include the signatures, of which there are only fourteen; and not one of which belongs to a founder of the original "conférence de charité." M. Georges Goyau, in his brilliant little book, "Ozanam" (Paris, Payot, 1925), makes use of the same evidence, and refers to the signatories as "premiers confrères"—a misleading expression.

cussion concerning the title of "founder" is merely a question of emphasizing certain pieces of evidence more than others. What is certain is that any such discussion would have been distasteful as much to Ozanam as it was to Bailly. The work of the Society is an impersonal, charitable, Catholic work done for God and for the love of souls. There were seven who first met in May, 1833.<sup>1</sup> They may all be looked upon as the co-founders of a splendid manifestation of Catholic Action. Their example should be in our own days an inspiration and incentive to others to take up the burden of Catholic lay activity. For themselves they would have desired nothing better than to remain unknown and unhonoured with the early history of their foundation shrouded in the "obscurité qui lui convenait si bien." Their attitude is found in those introductory remarks on the Rule: "Christian works belong to God alone, the sole author of all good."

ANDREW BECK, A.A.

<sup>1</sup> Six centuries before, as may be read elsewhere in this issue, seven other holy men, now venerated as saints, combined in an endeavour to restore Catholic social ideals, and founded the great Order of the Servites of Mary. The coincidence is not a little remarkable.—ED.

## *Northern Spring*

HOW could you know the ecstasy of spring,  
 You for whom winter clouds but come and go,  
 Who find the aster's frail ghost glimmering  
 In dingles where the primrose soon shall blow?  
 How could you feel the startling, sweet surprise  
 Of April green, you who shall never know  
 The endless white forlornness of the snow,  
 The sullen changelessness of winter skies?

But Oh, for us who have forgot the sun,  
 For whom the days no roseal twilights hold,  
 For whom the summer is a dream long done,  
 And the sere earth a shadow, grim and old,  
 For us shall dawn a heaven you never knew—  
 With the first snow-drop, virginal and cold,  
 The crocus bursting into sudden gold,  
 And the pale drift of spring's returning blue.

ELEANOR DOWNING.

## THE MEDIUM "MARGERY"

ON more than one occasion, both here in *THE MONTH* and in my book "The Church and Spiritualism," I have tried to show how baffling are the contradictions encountered in any attempt to obtain certainty regarding spiritualistic phenomena. Endless time is consumed, for the most part without any adequate result. The judgment sways backwards and forwards. At one moment we seem to have reached conviction, at another some new factor is disclosed which upsets all our previous train of reasoning. The investigators who, by their experience and scientific training should be most competent to deliver a verdict, are found to take diametrically opposite views about the same group of facts. Even where the occurrence of something supernormal is admitted, hardly any two observers interpret it in the same way. One is content with the ordinary spiritistic hypothesis, another takes refuge in some such obscure term as "cryptaesthesia," a third speaks of complex telepathy, and so on. We may be making some little, but very slow, progress in the registering and attesting of phenomena, but as regards their explanation we are, I think, exactly where we were when the movement first began to attract attention eighty years ago.

It would follow from what has just been said that almost every medium who produces manifestations in the physical order becomes at once a storm-centre of controversy as soon as any wide attention is attracted to the case. It was certainly so with the Fox sisters, with D. D. Home, Florence Cook, Eusapia Palladino and one might mention a dozen others, but in recent years no sensation has been produced which is comparable in its far-reaching effects with that which has been caused by the alleged psychic experiences of the American lady known as "Margery," *i.e.*, Mrs. L. R. G. Crandon, living at Boston (Mass.). Less than two years after this mediumship had begun, Dr. E. J. Dingwall, going from England as the representative of the Society for Psychical Research, took part in a series of sittings held at Boston in January and February, 1925, and in the report he afterwards drafted, he speaks of it as concerning "a case of alleged physical mediumship which is perhaps the most important of its kind hitherto presented for the consideration of

psychical researchers."<sup>1</sup> Writing some few months later, Dr. Walter Franklin Prince told his readers: "In May, 1923, there blazed out the most brilliant star in the firmament of alleged physical mediumship that America has seen in fifty years, 'Margery,' the wife of Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, a Boston surgeon. At hundreds of sittings, it is claimed, 'ectoplasmic' limbs—extruded from her body and afterwards re-absorbed—have performed various acts, such as touching persons seated nearby in the darkness, shoving, lifting and throwing objects, overturning a small table, ringing the bell in a box activated by a contact cover, producing phosphorescent lights, etc." The establishment of these claims, Dr. Prince goes on, "would have a profound interest for science, since they imply the exercise of energy in a manner at present unknown to physics, and modifications of the human body revolutionary of present physiology."<sup>2</sup> No doubt there is an undercurrent of irony in what is here said, but the bibliographical references which form part of the article would alone suffice to prove how large a share of public attention had even then been given to the "Margery" case.

Although some reserves were at first practised as to "Margery's" identity—her Christian name, in fact, is not Margery but Mina—still her husband, for ten years past, has not shirked either the responsibility or the publicity involved in these psychic experiments. He is a surgeon, I understand, of good professional, social and financial standing, and, through his mother, he claims descent from one of the original Mayflower pilgrims. It must in fairness be admitted that Dr. Crandon's undeviating support of such a cause, which has not only made heavy claims upon his purse, but has inevitably drawn down upon him a good deal of prejudice, must be counted as strong evidence of his sincerity. If there has been conscious trickery and imposture, it is inconceivable that he who has acted as control in the vast majority of the sittings, can have had no suspicion of the true state of the case. But, so far from drawing back, Dr. Crandon, after eleven years

<sup>1</sup> "Proceedings S.P.R.," Vol. XXXVI (1926), p. 80. For brevity's sake I use the initials S.P.R. to designate the original English Society for Psychical Research, and A.S.P.R. to denote the American Society. These two Societies publish both "Proceedings" and a "Journal," but the "Journal" of the A.S.P.R. was for a time called *Psychic Research*. There is also a Boston S.P.R. which came into existence mainly owing to the disagreement among members of the A.S.P.R. over the "Margery" case.

<sup>2</sup> "The American Journal of Psychology," Vol. XXXVII (1926), p. 431. Dr. W. F. Prince was President of the London S.P.R. in 1930-2. I am indebted to his kindness for an off-print of the article here quoted.

of controversy, seems only eager to encourage a further development of the mediumship. In an address to the London Spiritualist Alliance on December 19, 1933, he is reported to have said that "opportunities of securing photographic records of what took place at the sittings had been limited because they had to rely on flashlight photographs; but they intended to experiment with the infra-red process and hoped, by this means, to obtain a complete photographic record of all that took place."<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Crandon ("Margery") is herself a Canadian, Mina Stinson by name, born near Toronto and educated in that city. No mystery has been made regarding her antecedents. From a statement published by her husband in the "Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research" we learn that she came to Boston at about the age of seventeen and was employed as secretary in one of the larger churches. She was twenty-three years old when her brother Walter, of whom we shall hear more, met his death, in 1911, as the result of an accident. From the book, "The 'Walter' Hands," it appears that he was then "a locomotive fireman."<sup>2</sup> When at home in Canada, he had given proof of some psychic powers in tilting and levitating tables. Mrs. Crandon herself is stated to be a perfectly healthy subject in spite of the prolonged mediumistic sittings which have been continued during eleven years. She has one child.

The two outstanding features to be noted in the history of the "Margery" séances are, first, the extraordinary variety of the phenomena exhibited, and, secondly, the contradictory verdicts arrived at by investigators who are, to all appearance, highly competent observers. Perhaps these characteristics will be best appreciated if I attempt to set out some rough chronological outline of the more striking episodes in the mediumship so far as they are known to me. It was in 1923 that Dr. Crandon seems to have had his interest in psychic phenomena awakened by reading the late Dr. W. J. Crawford's account of experiments with the Goligher circle at Belfast. At any rate, in the May of that year, he had a small table made similar to Crawford's, and six people, including Dr. Crandon himself and "Margery," sat round it in red light in the hope of getting some response. Results

<sup>1</sup> See *Light* for December 29, 1933, p. 835.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 98. This book, "The 'Walter' Hands," has just been published as Vol. XXII of the "Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research." I am indebted to Dr. Crandon for very kindly sending me a copy.

were unexpectedly good, and it soon became clear that the mediumistic power was due to "Margery." Rappings, tiltings and partial levitations came quickly. We read how "the table followed Caldwell out through the corridor into the bedroom and forced him up on the bed rumpling all the mats in transit."<sup>1</sup> Then "Margery" began to speak under control, at first in her own natural voice, but afterwards, falling at intervals into a trance state, in a strange voice which, originally husky and feeble, gained more power and clearness as the séances were multiplied. This voice claimed to be that of "Walter," her brother mentioned above who died in 1911; and in a very short time the supposed Walter took complete charge of the proceedings. Nothing is done without consulting him. He insists, for the most part, upon absolute pitchy darkness, though occasional spells of red or even white light, or a flash for taking photographs are permitted, but this must always be with Walter's express consent at the moment when he knows that the medium is ready. According to the unanimous opinion of all who have taken part in these séances, Walter is a very lively and entertaining personality. His language is often far from refined, and the verses he extemporizes are execrable.<sup>2</sup> But his general tone of banter and the readiness with which he replies to objectors are amusing enough. He whistles very tunefully, growls at times and swears like a trooper. He seems little interested in the theory of the phenomena of communication, and declares that people may call him either Walter or any name they like, so long as they don't refer to him as "it." In the early stages he amused himself principally by levitating small objects whose change of position could be observed in the dark by the strips of luminous paint with which they were marked. There were also many phenomena alleged to be teleplasmic. Small masses of some mysterious substance the size of a fist or bigger were apparently extruded from almost any orifice of the medium's body. They were connected with the seat of origin by a sort of cord and were afterwards completely re-absorbed. Walter professed to execute all his feats of levitation or of ringing a bell in a portable bell-box, by the means of rudely shaped hands formed out of this teleplasm. The sitters were often

<sup>1</sup> J. Malcolm Bird, "Margery the Medium," p. 34.

<sup>2</sup> Here is a specimen (quoted in "Margery, Harvard, Veritas," p. 46):

"Onward psychic soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the cross of science going on before,  
We are not united, all divided we,  
Some prefer the English, some philosophy."

allowed to touch it, to hold it, to see it in red light and, on several occasions, flash photographs were taken of it. Reproductions of these may be found in books and articles dealing with the case.<sup>1</sup> The material itself was said to have felt, for the most part, soft, clammy and cold. We also read of "apports," that is, of objects supposedly brought into the room through locked doors in the course of the séance. On one occasion we hear of a lapis lazuli stone set in a silver ring the presence of which could not be otherwise explained,<sup>2</sup> and at other dates of a live pigeon and of fresh flowers.

Early in 1924, Dr. Crandon and "Margery" deliberately set out to challenge public attention. The journal called *The Scientific American* had, some time before, offered a prize of \$2,500 to any medium who could produce phenomena which would satisfy the majority of a committee appointed by the journal that such manifestations were of supernormal origin. *The Scientific American* nominated five commissioners, Dr. Comstock, Dr. W. Franklin Prince, Professor Wm. McDougall, Mr. Hereward Carrington and the conjurer Houdini. Many sittings were held and some very startling phenomena, among which the cabinet seems on two occasions to have been smashed up by violent blows, were reported. Of the five judges, however, only Mr. Carrington pronounced definitely in favour of "Margery." Houdini was violent in his denunciation of the whole procedure, declaring that "everything which took place at the séances which I attended was a deliberate and conscious fraud." The other commissioners whose vote was adverse contented themselves with saying that they were not satisfied of the supernormal character of what they had witnessed. Mr. Carrington, who alone reported favourably, expressed himself thus: "Many of the observed manifestations might well have been produced fraudulently—and possibly were so produced— . . . but I am convinced that genuine phenomena have occurred here." I may confess that I attach considerable weight to Mr. Carrington's judgment in this matter. He, with Mr. Everard Feilding and Mr. Baggalay, had carried out the sittings with Eusapia Palladino at Naples, and had helped to draft the admirable report which appears in Vol. XXIII of the S.P.R. "Proceedings."<sup>3</sup> No one disputes the fact that Eusapia,

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, "Proceedings S.P.R.," Vol. XXXVI (1926), pp. 132, 136, 137, 146, 147, 154. These were taken in January, 1925.

<sup>2</sup> "Proceedings A.S.P.R.," Vol. XX, pp. 66—67.

<sup>3</sup> It is a satisfaction to find that Mr. Besterman, whose critical attitude towards phenomena is very pronounced, thinks highly of the evidential value of this report.



whether consciously or unconsciously, was unscrupulous in producing fraudulent manifestations. But at Naples, in 1908, the control was perfect, the light was relatively good, the sitters were all experienced, but, for all that, inexplicable phenomena occurred. Mr. Carrington's position, therefore, was that of one who did not believe that the occurrence of suspicious or even seriously compromising incidents necessarily involved the conclusion that the whole was due to trickery. I cannot say how strongly I endorse that view. Whatever be the nature of the agency which produces such physical phenomena, the experience of eighty years shows that it is apt to be mocking and deceitful. There is much to suggest that it often finds a mischievous delight in prompting fraudulent expedients which may bring the medium into serious trouble.

In January and February, 1925, there took place a series of sittings at Boston which were attended by Dr. Dingwall, as a representative of the English S.P.R., and also by Professor McDougall. Dr. Dingwall's report does not commit him to any clear verdict, but reading between the lines it impresses one as adverse. In April—June of the same year, a momentous investigation was carried out by certain Harvard graduates. In this case the conclusions arrived at were quite definitely unfavourable to the supernormal character of the manifestations. A temperately-worded account was published by Mr. Hoagland, one of the investigators, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1925. Three points in particular were laid stress upon in this indictment. The first was that "Margery" on one occasion had slipped off the illuminated anklet which was supposed to show the position of her right foot and that afterwards Hoagland had clearly seen her right leg raised and extended, the outline being visible to him as it intervened between his eyes and some other objects which were covered with luminous paint. Secondly, a vessel of plasticine upon which Walter's hand (or "terminal") was supposed to have left an impression was found to bear on its surface certain filaments which microscopic examination showed to be similar to the lint lining of "Margery's" slippers. In these sittings, it should be noted, she wore no stockings but simply slippers. Thirdly, one of the Harvard investigators, Mr. G. H. Code, claimed that, in the like conditions of darkness and control, he had duplicated all "Margery's" phenomena to the full satisfaction of the other mem-

bers of the group. The touches, levitations, etc., had been performed with his foot.<sup>1</sup>

This, however, was not the climax. Code averred that, being really fond of the Crandons and loath to contribute to what would be interpreted as an exposure (for he himself believed that the medium in trance was unconscious of what she did) he went to see "Margery" privately in order to disabuse her. She said that Walter must be consulted. The only way to do this was to have a private séance. Consequently "Margery" and Code, according to his statement, went upstairs to the séance room, and the medium, becoming rapidly entranced, a conversation ensued between Code and Walter in which the former agreed that in order to save the Crandons' feelings he would connive at irregularities and allow the same type of phenomena to be produced that evening at the last sitting of the series.<sup>2</sup> Now "Margery," on her part, denies that any such private sitting ever took place. She has made a sworn statement to that effect, and "an accommodator" in her employ, also on oath, affirms that when Code called he stayed only twenty minutes and never went up to the séance room.<sup>3</sup> Naturally, this conflict of evidence caused a considerable sensation. In spite of one abortive attempt to carry out a serious investigation by a committee of psychologists in January, 1926, very little has been done in the last six years to produce evidence which is free from the suspicion attaching to *ex parte* statements. Three séances held in London in December, 1929, are extremely interesting owing to the well-known experience of the majority of the sitters, but though they were held on the premises of the London S.P.R., they were not officially conducted by that Society. The manifestations consisted in the identification of objects thrown into a basket in pitchy darkness, the levitation of the luminous "doughnut," tambourine, etc., in playing on the zither, tambourine and xylophone, in whistling by Walter and in the production of thumbprints. The control both of medium and Dr. Crandon would seem to have been satisfactory, and the searching of the former was carried out by Lady Barrett. None the less, it is very doubtful whether the fastening of "Margery's" wrists to the arms of her chair with surgeon's

<sup>1</sup> See *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1925, pp. 674 sq.

<sup>2</sup> For Code's statement see "S.P.R. Proceedings," Vol. XXXVI, pp. 414-432.

<sup>3</sup> Both these affidavits are printed in "Proceedings A.S.P.R.," Vol. XX, pp. 102-104. One learns that an "accommodator" is a "char-lady" who comes in by day to clear up or do jobs about the house.

tape effectively prevents her using her hands upon the table in front of her. What is certain is that an imprint of one of her fingers was found upon a fragment of the dental wax, and it seems impossible that the wax could have been soft enough to take an imprint after the trance was over and "Margery" released.<sup>1</sup> Consequently, she must have handled the wax during the séance when her wrists were supposed to be securely attached to the arms of her chair.

Of late years, while the problem of Walter's voice and personality still remains as before, the physical manifestations have mainly taken the form of the production of paraffin moulds and of fingerprints taken in the dental wax called "Kerr." It is even alleged that on February 23, 1932, Walter left the impression of his thumb on plastic material which was secured in a sealed and locked box.<sup>2</sup> This, however, is a new development. The earlier prints were obtained by putting a dish of very hot water on the little table before the entranced medium. In this was placed a cake of the "Kerr" wax, and underneath it a slip of linen, the ends of which, hanging over the edges, allowed the wax to be easily lifted out. When the wax was sufficiently plastic, it was removed from the hot water, the impression was made, and the cake was then transferred to another dish containing cold water, which stood beside the first. The earliest prints were made in July, 1926, and since that time more than a hundred have been produced, the vast majority of which purported to be facsimiles of the corrugations of Walter's right thumb. But, in the early months of 1932, came a bomb-shell. Mr. E. E. Dudley who, as an official of the American S.P.R., had been specially given over to this work, and had published a number of articles on "Teleplasmic Thumbprints" in *Psychic Research*, the Journal of the A.S.P.R., announced that he had discovered that the thumbprints which had so frequently been photographed and reproduced as Walter's, were, in fact, the thumbprints of a living man, "Margery's" dentist, who, to preserve his anonymity, is referred to as "Dr. K." It is admitted that when the idea of obtaining plastic impressions, analogous to those of the medium Kluski, had first occurred to the Crandons, they had found the materials used for the

<sup>1</sup> See "Proceedings S.P.R.," Vol. XXXIX (1931), pp. 358—368, with photograph. Her finger-prints had been taken and the identification seems indisputable.

<sup>2</sup> See "A.S.P.R. Proceedings," Vol. XXII, pp. 10—12. The illustration given certainly shows something like the outline of a thumb, but I can detect no indication of the corrugations of the skin.

purpose yielded no satisfactory results. Then "Dr. K.", who took an interest in the manifestations, at some of which he had assisted, suggested to "Margery" that dental "Kerr" wax would probably prove a much better medium. He accordingly showed her how it could be used, and actually made prints of his own thumbs which she carried away. Then shortly afterwards, Walter, with the aid of the "Kerr" material, produced a number of excellent prints, positives and negatives, but all of these, so Mr. Dudley contended, proved on comparison with a set of fingerprints which he obtained from "Dr. K.", to be nothing but replicas of the impressions of the thumbs of that gentleman.

There are three or four allegations in this story which cannot by any possibility be denied. The first is that "Margery" in 1926, was in possession of wax negatives of "Dr. K.'s" thumbs. The fact, indeed, is admitted, though these original moulds cannot now be found. The second is that "Walter's" right thumb, which has been reproduced over and over again from different impressions,<sup>1</sup> presents any number of identical characteristics with that of "Dr. K."<sup>2</sup> This would be an absolutely incredible coincidence as I figure things out. "Margery," who had never seen a thumbprint in dental wax before, carried home with her two impressions. Then her brother, who had died fifteen years earlier, came and made thumbprints. With regard to the right thumb, there is no dispute that the impression so often pictured is actually that which Walter at a score of séances produced as his own. Yet the police experts of Boston and New York declare it to be identical with the right thumbprint of "Dr. K." The American S.P.R. appealed to Dr. Harold Cummins, a professor of anatomy who has specialized in the study of "dermatoglyphics." With regard to the one primary point, the identity of the right thumbs, he replied that the prints submitted to him "may be attributed to one and the same digit." Against this decision Mr. Thorogood, the A.S.P.R. official, protested and propounded objections. Professor Cummins, on January 25, 1933, wrote in answer:

After careful examination of the new material and re-study of the photographs originally submitted, I am still

<sup>1</sup> See *Psychic Research*, April, 1928, pp. 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, and for a late specimen, that obtained by Mr. W. H. Button on March 11, 1931, in an off-print, which I owe to the kindness of Dr. Crandon, "The Margery Mediumship," p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> For "Dr. K.'s" right thumb see "Proceedings A.S.P.R.", Vol. XXII, p. 204, figs. 114, 115; and Boston S.P.R. Bulletin, Vol. XVIII, figs. 1, 3, 4.

of opinion that these right thumb impressions "may be attributed to one and the same digit" as stated in my report dated December 15, 1932. The evidence supporting this conclusion is now presented in some detail, in view of your apparent conviction that the impressions in question originate from two different digits. I must ask you to publish this report in full and to include in your account cuts of the prints as I have marked them for demonstration of the correspondences.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Cummins, having before him all the evidence which the A.S.P.R. could furnish,<sup>2</sup> is clearly of the same opinion with Messrs. Dudley, Goadby and Carrington. He indicates no less than forty-four points of identity. Mr. Dudley had numbered only twenty-seven. This is evidence which, if presented in a murder trial, would suffice to send an accused man to the gallows.

Thirdly, it is certain that there is a similar correspondence between the prints of "Dr. K.'s" left thumb, and the dated wax impression which was issued to all the world in the American Society's own Journal more than five years ago as "Walter's left thumb." <sup>3</sup> At that time there was no quarrel between Mr. Dudley and the A.S.P.R. Neither Mr. Dudley nor Mr. Bird had any possible motive in 1928 for printing as Walter's left thumb what had no claim to be so considered. On the other hand, Mr. Thorogood has very obvious motives for now trying to prove that the identification was erroneous. There is outside and disinterested evidence that when Walter on December 3, 1927, produced a print of what he claimed to be his left thumb, he made an impression identical with that which Mr. Dudley has all along declared to be the left thumb.<sup>4</sup>

Fourthly, Mr. Carrington, who was the only one of the *Scientific American* committee to pronounce in "Margery's" favour, and who, in 1930 (see his "Story of Psychic Science," p. 203), clearly re-affirmed his belief in the supernormal character of some of her phenomena, has, after careful study, published his opinion that the Walter thumbprints are identical

<sup>1</sup> "A.S.P.R. Proceedings," Vol. XXII, p. 203.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Cummins was supplied not only with an ink-print of "Dr. K.'s" thumb, but also with a reproduction of negative impressions in "Kerr" wax.

<sup>3</sup> See *Psychic Research*, October, 1928, p. 564. Mr. Thorogood now exhibits in "The 'Walter' Hands," p. 28, fig. 27, as the "standard" Walter left thumb, an impression taken in June, 1932, after Mr. Dudley's discovery had been made public.

<sup>4</sup> See *Psychic Research* (the A.S.P.R. Journal), November, 1929, pp. 577-579 and footnote.

with those of "Dr. K." He also tells us that the fingerprint experts of the Boston and New York Police Departments, to whom the impressions were submitted, decided in the same sense.<sup>1</sup>

From my own point of view the conclusion to be drawn from this long and acrimonious controversy is highly significant. Like Mr. Carrington, I do not doubt that the medium produces at times, it may be most times, genuinely supernatural phenomena. That no conclusive exposure should have taken place during these eleven years would, on the supposition of conscious fraud, be a very astounding thing. If she systematically tricks, it is, I hold, impossible that Dr. Crandon and several other intimates, should not be fully aware of it, and, in fact, should not be accomplices. But Dr. Crandon is a man of sound professional reputation. He is author of a book on "Surgical After-Treatment" which runs to over 800 pages, and of which a second edition was called for in a year or two. Similarly, Dr. Mark W. Richardson, who, throughout has played a prominent part in the séances, was engaged, in 1911, to re-edit and supplement the fourth edition of Harrington's "Manual of Practical Hygiene." Again, the standing of Dr. R. J. Tillyard, F.R.S., is such that, on August 18, 1928, *Nature* printed, though with adverse comments, a long article of his on "Survival" which was based entirely on Dr. Tillyard's séances with "Margery."

Further, the photographs of some of the phenomena exhibit levitations and materializations which, if not genuine, can only be explained on the supposition of fraud and confederacy on a scale quite irreconcilable with the position and intelligence of those who took part in these séances. Figs. 70, 74, 75, in the volume "The 'Walter' Hands," so frequently quoted, may serve as specimens. I know that the ectoplasm shown and felt is said to have borne a suspicious resemblance to lung material, and that Professor McDougall noted on one occasion "ring markings which strongly resembled the cartilaginous rings found in the mammalian trachea." It has also been remarked that Dr. Crandon, as a surgeon, would find no difficulty in obtaining animal tissues of this sort. Still, once such suggestions have become public, it would not be easy to provide an adequate supply without arousing suspicion, and these phenomena continued long after Dr. Dingwall's

<sup>1</sup> See Bulletin XVIII of the Boston S.P.R., p. 14. I am indebted to the kindness of Dr. W. Franklin Prince for a copy of this issue.

paper had appeared. Quite recently we have been told of Walter's voice being produced in a sound-proof box in such a way that while not the slightest whisper was heard in the séance room itself, the voice was transmitted and heard distinctly in another room at some distance. Of this I have no satisfactory evidence, but for these and other reasons I am content to believe in the supernormal character of many of the manifestations reported.

But there remains the fact, which to me seems conclusively proved, that "Walter," while professing for several years together to produce an imprint of his own thumb, was really counterfeiting the skin markings of a living man. We have, therefore, no guarantee that "Walter" is Walter at all. If this agency can imitate the thumbprints and build up an ectoplasmic larynx which, besides whistling lustily, produces an articulate male voice, there is no conceivable reason why the deceased Walter's phraseology and boisterous jesting manner should not also be simulated. Obviously the supposed Walter can make thumbs which are not his own, and indeed it is claimed that this entity can produce both positive and negative prints of these as well as "mirror prints," can counterfeit the impressions of Sir Oliver Lodge's fingers and of young Mr. Richardson's fingers and of Mr. C. S. Hill's fingers—the last two being dead. We have absolutely nothing to guarantee the genuineness of Walter's own thumbprints or paraffin hand-moulds except the supposed Walter's word. Hardly anyone now believes that the "Phinuit" who so long purported to act as Mrs. Piper's control, was a French doctor, or indeed ever existed. When "Peter Rooney," who supplied Mrs. Travers Smith with authentic information about the death of Sir Hugh Lane was discovered to have given a purely fictitious account of his own identity and demise, he was only amused, saying that he thought "Peter Rooney" was as good a name as any other. The one clear fact which stands out is that in the séance room we are liable to encounter every kind of deception, and that certainty even in the matter of physical phenomena is hardly ever reached. If trickery there be in the Crandon case, I prefer to think, so long as conclusive evidence is lacking, that it is not the entranced medium herself, but "Walter" who is the culprit.

HERBERT THURSTON.



# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### THE PARAGUAY MARTYRS.

PARAGUAY, one of the ten South American Republics, with a population rather less than that of Liverpool, and a territory of 61,000 square miles (or 161,000, if the disputed Chaco district is included), has been much in the public eye since December 8, 1928, when it declared war on its neighbour, Bolivia. That conflict, to the scandal of the world and the discredit of the League of Nations, still drags on, in spite of the efforts of the Argentine, Brazil and Chile, of the Pan-American Conference, and of the League of Nations itself, to adjudicate peacefully between the rival claims. However, latterly the country has come into prominence in a more creditable way, as having been the scene of the lives and labours of three holy martyrs, lately beatified by Pope Pius XI, who were connected with what is Paraguay's chief claim to fame in the world's history—the Jesuit "Reductions." The New World, coming late under the influence of Christianity, has not yet been prolific in Saints. The heroic missionaries to the Indians in Canada and New York, who were canonized in June, 1930, are, with one other, the only saints in North America, whilst St. Rose of Lima, canonized in 1667, has only one companion in recognized Saint-hood in the South. The roll of the American Blessed, however, is longer, and has now been augmented by the names of the three "Reduction" martyrs, Fathers Roque González de Santa Cruz, Alonso Rodríguez and Juan del Castillo, who were put to death by savages, about twenty years before their brethren in the North.

In order to realize the conditions under which the missionaries worked we have first to consider the colonial administration of the territory, pending their arrival. This is important, because if that administration had been just to the natives, their segregation into reserves would not have been necessary and the remarkable experiment of the Reductions, so highly praised by all serious students of economic and constitutional theory, and criticized only by those hostile to religion or to the too-successful Society, might never have been made. The chief ambition of the Spanish invaders, was to make themselves masters of the wealth of the country, and for that end they did not hesitate to subdue or keep down by force of arms the native inhabitants. The home authorities, who really had the interests of the natives at heart, issued many decrees in their favour, but the distance from the mother country and the insatiable greed of some of the officials rendered those decrees

largely inoperative. Consequently, the whole history of the Spanish occupation is marked by risings of the tribes against their oppressors, and by the deep-rooted hostility to the white man and his religion, entertained by those who, by retiring before his advance, maintained a precarious independence.

The Spanish had settled at Asunción as early as 1537, and, from the beginning, their vices and greed retarded the conversion of the Indians, and turned the exploitation of them into a system, the *encomiendas*. The whole of the vast territory, much larger and less defined than the modern Paraguay, was early divided into three dioceses, administered by the Dominicans, Franciscans and other Religious, who had accompanied the first adventurers. The young Society of Jesus, founded in 1534 and confirmed by the Pope in 1540, already famous on account of the ten years' apostolate of St. Francis Xavier in the East (1541-51), and of the contemporary labours of Anchieta, in Brazil, whose forty-five years of heroic zeal began in 1553, was soon summoned to the aid of the older Orders, and the first Jesuits arrived in Paraguay in 1587. But it was not until 1609 that the Reduction plan was adopted.

Backed always by royal decrees and working in harmony with the highest ecclesiastical authorities, the Fathers founded in all about 100 separate forest-settlements all over the river basins of the Parana and the Paraguay during the one hundred and sixty years between then and their suppression in the Spanish dominions (1767). They were opposed from the first by all those whose financial interests lay in the exploitation of the native, their villages were raided by slave-traders, and by the Portuguese in Brazil, until finally they had to train their Christian natives in the art of self-defence. All the bitter mendacity that baffled greed could suggest was constantly employed to vilify the Reductions system and those engaged in it, and, in spite of the outside witness of travellers like Cunningham-Graham and W. H. Koebel, much of that slander still sticks. The aim of the Reductions was to save the hapless Indians, body and soul, a task which could only be accomplished by entire segregation in self-supporting communities. For the first time (and so far the last) in history the world was presented with the spectacle of large groups of men successfully applying to their lives the divine exhortation—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added to you." The enterprise of turning backward and indolent savages into self-respecting Christians would have been difficult in the most favourable circumstances: carried on in face of every kind of hostile and unscrupulous opposition, it demanded heroic prudence and constancy. Upwards of thirty Fathers were martyred in the course of it. The recent action of the Holy See has, indirectly at least, approved their work.

Accordingly, the conditions in which our three martyrs laboured

were hard because the spiritual soil was not naturally of the best, and had moreover been poisoned by the scandalous behaviour of many of the colonists. The degraded and hopeless state of the natives who were not sheltered in the Reductions showed by contrast the comparatively high civilization reached by those of whom the missionaries had charge. Of the three, Father Roque González was the eldest and the only one "colonial-born." He entered the world at Asunción in 1576, his parents being Spanish immigrants of a noble and ancient stock. The boy was carefully brought up and early came in contact with the Fathers at Asunción: in fact, a contemporary historian tells us that young González spent more of his time in the Jesuit House than in his own home. After his schooldays he resolved to become a priest so as to help his fellow-countrymen in the city, given over to the laxity common to pioneer settlements. Subsequently, fearing that his bishop might give him some dignified administrative post, he decided to enter the Society of Jesus, which he did in 1609 at the age of thirty-three. He was to spend nineteen years in religious life before meeting his death at the hands of the Indians.

Seeing in him the right kind of qualities for the hard labour of the mission-field, his superiors sent him, even before he had completed his noviceship, to evangelize the savage forest tribes. He had to start from the beginning. Blessed with an iron constitution, he tested it fully by undertaking journeys always on foot that even the most hardened of the Spanish colonists had thought to be impracticable, being all the time in imminent danger of death. He knew hunger and thirst and perils from robbers. The tribes among whom he penetrated jeered at him and threatened him with all manners of torture. He laughed at them, preached to them, and hundreds were converted.

Five Reductions in all were directly started by Father González. In each of these settlements lived happy and peaceful communities of Indians, learning how to lead good Christian lives and the science of secular civilization as well. They were protected by royal edicts from molestation at the hands of the colonists, but not from the hostility of the unconverted tribes. One of the most powerful of the Indian chiefs, Nezu by name, was a witch-doctor as well, noted for his brutal cruelty towards his subjects whom he terrorized by his magical arts, and he became exceedingly wroth at finding himself in danger of losing his power. It was due to the instigation of this savage that Father González and the others were done to death, the scene of their martyrdom being the newly-founded Reductions of "All Saints" and of "The Assumption."

Both his companions, of practically the same age and of the same standing in the Society, were born in Spain, Father Alonso at Zamora in 1597, and Father Juan del Castillo at Belmonte in 1595. Father Alonso was sent out to South America in 1616, after his

noviceship, and was ordained there in Cordoba (Tucuman) in 1623. Appointed to help Father González, he joined him in the foundation of the "All Saints" Reduction. On the morning of November 15, 1628, the Superior was talking to some of his neophytes outside the church after Mass. He was showing them a large bell—the first they had ever seen—which was meant for the church. Nezu, with his band of conspirators, was among the crowd, and, at a sign, one of them hit Father González on the head with a club, killing him instantly. Father Rodriguez, who was making his thanksgiving after Mass, ran out on hearing the shouts. A similar blow stretched him lifeless. Pandemonium then broke out. The bodies of the two martyrs were dragged round the church and mutilated; the church itself was set on fire. The savages were desecrating a picture of Our Lady which they had found on the Superior's person, when, so some fifty witnesses later averred, a voice was heard, reproaching them for their ingratitude and predicting their punishment. But Nezu, further enraged, cut out the heart of Father González and, piercing it with two arrows threw it among the flames. Thus perished in *odium fidei* those two holy souls, who probably had looked forward to just such a death.

Two days later Father Juan del Castillo was murdered in the neighbouring Reduction of "The Assumption" by another or the same band of Indians under the leadership of Nezu. Father Juan had accompanied Father Alonso to Paraguay in 1616 and, after his "humanities," had taught in the Jesuit College at Concepcion in Chile. Ordained at Cordoba in 1626, he was employed, first at the Uruguay Reduction of "St. Nicholas," and later sent to assist Father González, who put him in charge of the newly-founded Reduction of "The Assumption." Providence seems to have reserved him for a more terrible death than befell his companions, for those *majora certamina* which Xystus predicted for his levite Laurence. This was the manner of it.

On the night of November 17, 1628, a party of Indians demanded admittance to his hut. Father del Castillo made them welcome, and even distributed little gifts to them. But his visitors, seizing him from behind, bound his hands and feet and began to torture him. They struck him with their fists and with knotted cords, the martyr the while repeating: "It is all for the love of God that I suffer; it is all for the love of God." Then they set him up, another St. Sebastian, as a mark for their arrows and when tired of that sport, dragged him, still alive, a long distance by the feet over rough and thorny paths, striking and pricking him with their spears. Finally they stretched him on the ground in the form of a cross, and, after putting out his eyes, beat him about the head with stones until he expired. They set fire to the church and threw his body into the flames.

The remains of the three martyrs were recovered a few days later, and carried in triumph into the city of Asunción. The bishop of that city at once began to collect materials for the introduction of their "cause," and reports of favours granted through their intercession quickly poured in. Unfortunately, on the suppression of the Society, the evidence thus collected was lost sight of, and was recovered, in great part, only a few years ago. On the re-introduction of their cause in 1928, the Roman authorities, in view of this circumstance, acted with unwonted expedition, with the result which we are at present thankfully celebrating. The ruins of the Reductions will crumble further, till even the venturesome explorer sees them no more, but the men who made these Christian communities and died for the Faith they taught will keep their memory for ever green in the annals of the undying Church.

B. M. EGAN.

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#### THIS LIFE-FORCE.

##### I

**I**T sometimes happens in the theatrical world that a certain actor becomes such a dominating figure that some playwright constructs a drama "around" the famous man. The leading part is written expressly to give him the opportunity of displaying his special characteristics, and on to this as fixed and fundamental the rest of the play is somehow attached. The result is, of course, that the main theme, centring too much round one personality, is in great danger of being eccentric.

Something very similar often happens in the world of non-Catholic thought. For philosophy is like a Dramatist, and the various sciences are the actors. The philosophy that is true, and knows its own mind is like a playwright who has a clear message for the public, and sees to it that the actors each express their part—no more, and no less. But a philosophy which is not sure of itself is very likely to alter its whole outlook in order to suit the *métier* of some prominent actor in the shape of one of the sciences. And so it has come about that biology like a promising young actor who has been favourably noticed by the critics, has become the centre of an admiring circle. Thus many philosophers have been producing theories based on biology, inspired by biology, harmonized with biology, and (dare we say it?) kowtowing to biology. For these men have been interpreting the Whole by terms and methods which at best are applicable properly only to one department of it. Such a world-view is that of the life-force.

This philosophy, if such we may call it, is certainly not specially profound as are some of the mathematical theories;

nor is it the newest for we have the still more recent "emergency" philosophies of evolution. But it is important because it is so widely held by all sorts of people, and we will now mention a few reasons as to why this should be so.

In the first place the idea of a mighty and universal life-force was a reaction from the older theory that the universe was but a mechanical system and life no more than a by-product of its workings. It was a relief to go over from such a bleak conception even to the barmy theories of extreme biological speculation; from thinking that life was an illusion, to the belief that everything was alive, and life was everything.

Further, the theory seemed to bring many separate things into a unity, and this is always attractive provided it is true. Plants animals and men, species and individuals, were regarded as forms and phases of the one great vital force. Though, in passing, it is strange to notice that the very people who could not believe that the whole human race had sprung from a single pair are now the ones who rejoice to think that not only the human family but medusa and monkey, mice and men, are all sprung from a small piece of plasm, which, it has been suggested, came to the earth on some meteor much as a foundling is left on the steps of the workhouse. Indeed the theories for the ultimate origin of life put forward by some of our thinkers to-day strongly resemble the stories of storks, bags and blue skies which were told by prim parents of the Victorian age to their children when they inquired about the way in which they came to be.

But, above all, this conception of a life-force harmonized so completely with the notion of an almost automatic Progress, which for a time dominated so many departments of thought.

These, then, are some of the reasons why the idea of a life-force is so popular. It is regarded as a mighty stream, ever pressing forward, expressing itself in various types some more and others less successful, splitting itself up into stream-lets, and yet all united and continuous, and owing its change and progress to a force that lies behind rather than to any purpose that lies ahead.

## II

Now the great question is: Does this theory fit the facts? We look around us and what do we see? Is it a connected stream of life, or rather a vast number of living beings? Here it may help us to quote a well-known writer who was in complete sympathy with the evolutionary outlook—the late Mr. Wildon Carr—a remarkable man who was for some years a stockbroker and then became a professional philosopher. He writes in his book "Changing Backgrounds in Religion and Ethics" (page 163), "The real mystery of Evolution is individuality. Wherever life

exists it exists in living individuals and in no other form. This is so wherever we are able to detect the presence of life. It may be different in other planets, but as far as human experience extends there is no exception on this planet."

Exactly. Life as we see it is like a number of lighted candles. One may be lit from another, just as one life is in some way derived from another, but they have each a separate existence. Life always belongs to a living person or to a living thing. Life exists in centres, not in streams.

Moreover, why should a stream of life split itself up to produce individuals? Is it that it meets with obstacles which cause it to divide as does an ordinary river? But no one seems able to explain what these obstructions might be, still less how they could cause the divided elements to become individual centres. Indeed Bergson has so thoroughly interpreted almost everything in terms of life that he seems to be embarrassed when he has to account for lifeless matter. Thus Dr. William Brown in his "Mind and Personality" (page 236), writes: "An unexplained interruption or inversion of the vital impulse at an unspecified moment of its history originated a downward movement towards materiality and necessity, so that now the whole universe, like the individual mind, is a struggle between an upward expansive movement towards spirituality and freedom, and a downward movement towards materiality and a uniform diffusion which is space."

Bergson's own image for this is that of a jet of steam going upwards, and drops (of condensed steam) falling downwards. So that matter would almost resemble the "returned empties" rushing by on the down line.

On the other hand, if the splitting up of the stream is not due to external obstacles or to reversals of movement, then it must be due to some characteristic of the life-force itself. In this case the latter is no longer the simple unified and unifying entity it is usually said to be, and at once loses half its plausibility and appeal.<sup>1</sup>

### III

We may now turn to consider shortly what may perhaps be called the moral relation that exists between the individual and this life-force. Here it is a little surprising to find that writers speak of the individual as being an instrument of the impersonal, unconscious stream of life and power. Thus Wildon Carr writes: "The outstanding fact in the moral aspect of our lives from the evolutionary standpoint is that the value of our individuality is not intrinsic but instrumental."<sup>2</sup> This reminds one

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Matter, Life and Value," by C. E. M. Joad, p. 72.

<sup>2</sup> "Changing Backgrounds of Religion and Ethics," p. 84.



of the garage foreman who said to his boy: "You may be the world to your mother, but you are only an oil-can to me." For life, we are further told, is lavish of individuals, and indifferent to their fate: the happiness of individuals is no concern of evolution. *Cui bono?* we are forced to ask, seeing that neither the life-force nor the individual gets any abiding pleasure or peace out of the process. The individual in fact is but the means by which the life-force goes forward over our dead selves to "higher" things, leaving perishing units behind it as a steamer leaves its wash. Individuals are evolved—to be rejected one by one, lying a-mouldering in the grave while the race goes marching on.

Philosophical views often reflect social conditions, and one must wonder whether this depressing outlook may not be, in part, the reflection in the sky of our industrial system where so many men are "hands" or instruments of a great impersonal force—the limited company.

Coming to the still more important question of the Deity, we are not surprised to find that Wildon Carr denies that there can be such a God as we know. He writes: "If we imagine God to be independent of the velocities of propagation and indifferent to them, surely in the very idea we contradict our principle of universal relativity." Here we note the old error, the Deity (in so far as one is contemplated) seems to be thought of as a part of His own universe, as but one more item in our catalogue of its contents. The reference to the universal principle of relativity seems to be just another of those attempts to incorporate God in the universe, and reminds us of Pringle Pattison's well-known statement that God is "organic to the World." The fact is that it is not enough to try to explore the universe, we must also, by an intellectual effort, get outside it if we are to attain to its reason and its cause. But the philosophies we are considering seem rather to resemble the Hampton Court maze.

#### IV

Can there be any religion in such systems? Only if one is ready to admit that religion can exist without a God, as many strangely enough do to-day. Thus Julian Huxley writes in "What dare I think" (p. 187): "Religion in the light of psychological and anthropological science is seen not as a divine revelation, but as a function of human nature." Another difficulty is the absence of that complete dependence on a Superior Power, for the life-force seems to depend very much on us for the progress which seems to be its chief preoccupation. At best any worship can only be described as a worship of Life or

Zoolatry.<sup>1</sup> Bergson himself has said: "there is no overruling purpose in the course of evolution, and the life-force moves towards no consciously apprehended goal"—which has caused one modern writer to say that it would appear best to "let it rip."

Yet there is a call for reverence. Professor S. Alexander is asking for it to be shown towards one of his philosophic conceptions. And Wildon Carr says: "We must be reverent towards this vaguely defined, yet clearly apprehended source of our being." Though he has to admit that we cannot "personalize" it, or know its origin, its nature, or its goal. One would have thought that it would be sufficient to be "numinous" before such a presence. At any rate few would place much reliance on the word of a man who swore by an entity of such unsettled habits. And this description of reality is given to us by a serious thinker not as the data of our problem, but as the conclusion of a good deal of argumentation.

If we ask the evolutionists themselves what is the religious ideal their system places before them, many reply that it is a Perfected Humanity. They still have an almost pathetic belief in the inevitable progress of our race. As things are this advance is not very easy to observe. If we consider the sphere where it should be most obvious—material and scientific culture—even here often enough the object of some new invention is but to extricate ourselves from the inconveniences of some previous invention, as for example the attempts at smoke abatement. However, the devotees of the life-force hold that science and philosophy (distilled in the laboratory) are to be our guides. Wildon Carr goes so far as to say that "If the ideal of humanity is ever realized, it will be when poets have created the new Jerusalem and when philosophers are kings." All one can say at present is that it seems easier to banish a king than a philosopher.

A. G. HERRING.

<sup>1</sup> "God in Christian Thought and Experience," by Dr. W. R. Matthews, p. 146.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTE

To secure their return if not accepted, contributions submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research; nor should they ordinarily exceed 3,200 words (between 8 and 9 pages). As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved for the staff.

## II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- BLACKFRIARS:** Feb. 1934. [Symposium on **Communism** by various experts, with elucidatory comments by the Editor, occupies most of the issue.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES:** Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23. **The Catholic Schools Question**, by the Bishop of Pella. [An historical account and clear analysis of the whole subject.]
- CIVILTA CATTOLICA:** Feb. 3, 1934. **Dal Corporativismo dei Cristiano-Sociali al Corporativismo Integrato Fascista**, by A. Bruculeri, S.J. [Shows where Fascism fails to correspond with Catholic Ethics: first part of the analysis.]
- CLERGY REVIEW:** Feb. 1934. **Ireland and the Corporative State**, by A. E. Malone. [Discusses the tendencies to Fascism noticeable in Irish politics and industry: makes no reference to "Quadragesimo Anno".]
- COMMONWEAL:** Feb. 9, 1934. **An Ounce of Prevention**, by J. Elliot Ross. [Describes a successful tour in U.S.A., by a Priest, a Minister and a Rabbi, to dispel religious prejudice.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW:** Jan. 1934. **The Priest and the Liquor Problem**, by J. McSorley, C.S.P. [A discussion of pastoral obligations in view of repeal of Federal Prohibition.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW:** Feb. 1934. **Priests and the Motion-Picture Industry**, by Bishop J. T. Cantwell of Los Angeles. [A detailed statement of the character of the cinema in U.S.A. as an agent for moral debauchery, and of the consequent duty of the clergy.]
- ETUDES:** Feb. 5, 1934. **Chronique du Judaïsme Français**, by Joseph Bonsirven, S.J. [An examination of the causes of anti-Semitism.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD:** Feb. 1934. **Tudor Religious Policy in Ireland, 1534—1558**, by R. Dudley Edwards, M.A. [Shows aims and results of English interference with the Faith down to Elizabeth's accession.]
- IRISH MONTHLY:** Dec. 1933: Feb. 1934. **The Apostolate of Books**, by S. J. Brown, S.J. [A plea for organized effort to secure the reading of good literature, illustrated by results of a French questionnaire.]
- REVUE APOLOGETIQUE:** Feb. 1934. **Le Latin, Langue Internationale?**, by A. Condamin, S.J. [Necessary for the clergy: useless for the well-educated: impossible for the multitude.]
- TABLET:** Feb. 17. **The Seal of the Confessional**. [Final exposure of a misconception, attributed to Lord Oxford, regarding Catholic Sacramental practice.]
- UNIVERSE:** Jan. 12, 26: Feb. 9, 23. **How History is Falsified**, by H. Belloc. [Shows the shallowness, sophistry and baseless assumptions of the great Protestant Tradition.]

# REVIEWS

## I—CARDINAL NEWMAN<sup>1</sup>

**I**N Cardinal Newman is verified in high degree that sure sign of a truly great man, that the more he is studied, the greater appear to be the riches that still await discovery and use. This magnificent volume, which by its printing and binding has done something to raise our opinion of the efficiency and taste of the American book-trade, opens out lines of thought in various directions which hitherto have not been clearly envisaged and invite still further research. The printing also of a couple of interesting letters hitherto unpublished reminds us of the mass of original material stored up with reverent care in the archives of the Birmingham Oratory, which we hope will some day open to us still better the mind of its great founder.

It is indeed a part of the greatness of Newman that he fastened upon several points of fundamental importance and pressed them home, in spite of certain difficulties in points of detail that considerably hampered him. He had not passed through the regular training of the Schools, and both in his philosophy (as Father D'Arcy has recently explained in *The Nature of Belief*) and in theology (in regard of inspiration) he took up positions which it is impossible entirely to defend. Nevertheless upon the whole his influence has been and still remains both vast and beneficent. Both in the *Grammar of Assent* and in his *Essay on Development* he has unquestionably made great and in large measure original contributions to Catholic apologetic, while he foresaw and combated many of the vagaries of modern thought.

It is not precisely with issues such as these that the volume before us deals, but underlying much of what is here written we recognize a fundamental principle which Newman himself would gladly have avowed as an integral part of his gospel, that the fullness of human culture must be sought and learnt from the Catholic Church, wherein alone man can develop to the full the higher faculties of his being. The very word "culture," perhaps, raises a slight shiver, as it might well have done in Newman himself; it is almost a thing too sacred to pass easily from the heart to the lips of such as he. And upon occasion we have found the cry of "culture" ring as false in the States as the programme of "Kultur" in Germany. Nevertheless we believe that it is a right instinct that

<sup>1</sup> (1) *John Henry Newman: the Romantic, the Friend, the Leader*. By Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D., Ph.D. Published by the Collegiate Press Corporation, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Pp. xxviii, 510. Price, \$5.00.

(2) *Newman and his Friends*. By Henry Tristram, Cong. Orat. London: John Lane. Pp. xiii, 267. Price, 6s. n.

leads Catholic America to found a growing, eager Catholic culture upon the study of Newman. Even if there be occasional slips of interpretation, the general result is sure to be sound.

To this Newman movement Sister Mary Aloysi has made a noteworthy contribution. She deals with Newman under three aspects. There is a certain *crescendo* in passing from the romanticist to the friend, and from the friend to the leader. It is the leader, perhaps, whom the reader of this book will most easily recognize: yet our author interprets her theme in no narrow spirit, and sets Newman forth not merely as a leader of religious thought, but (as he truly was) a leader in education, struggling for Oxford ideals which at that time were hardly held in sufficient honour within Oxford itself, and finding in the perfect gentleman the type of perfect training. In portraying Newman as the friend she has had ill fortune, for the other more intimate volume we are here reviewing has forestalled her at the last moment, and must take the place of honour; but much may still be learnt from the book before us.

It is of Newman's place in the Romantic Movement that Sister Mary Aloysi has much to tell that will come to many as new; she has drawn out, for example, the full significance of Newman's passionate devotion as a child to the reading of Walter Scott. Perhaps she would have done better to treat the subject with more of the austere precision of Newman himself; what appears to be a nervous concern to fill her page with modern quotations, leaves the picture of the Romantic Movement and of Newman's share in it somewhat blurred. Nevertheless her argument is convincing, and her thesis must be accepted if he is to be understood. Some perplexities remain; how, for example, one so enamoured of Oxford and of Benedictine ideals could have made his choice of a type of Catholicism so Italian. Another proof, perhaps, of the utter Catholicism of Rome; in any case it did not weaken his personal ideals in all that was most characteristic of him. And these ideals may be sought and found in the careful consideration of this, not the least of the centenary studies of the Oxford Movement.

It would not have been fitting in the year which marked the Centenary of the Oxford Movement, and necessarily occasioned a flood of appreciations of the central figure in that singular, prolonged yet unsuccessful attempt to turn a man-made sect into a part of the Catholic Church, that the Birmingham Oratory founded by Newman should remain wholly silent, and we have reason to rejoice that it has not done so. For the Oratory has produced, in the book under review, what the Oratory alone, filled still with the traditions of its Founder, enshrining the treasures of his literary remains and wholly devoted to his memory, is equipped to produce. Although the volume's connexion with the Centenary celebration is only remote and accidental, still it surpasses in interest and literary attraction many more historically pretentious books. Father Henry

Tristram has had the happy idea of studying Newman in his friendships, especially those singled out for commemoration in the dedications of his various books. Beginning with a graceful essay on the practice of book-dedication in general, he passes in review, with suitable elucidatory comment, all the inscriptions of the sort to be found in Newman's writings, classifying them according to character—"lapidary" or epistolary; according to date—up to and after 1845, and according to the status of the persons so honoured. Incidentally much light is thrown, not only on "the Father's" life but also on those of his intimate associates both before and after his conversion. Father Tristram is in the best position to know Newman's real feelings, and his testimony to the Cardinal's attitude of mind and heart in regard to various episodes in his career comes clothed with real authority. Moreover, in the literary qualities of its form and style the book is in complete harmony with its subject, as Mr. Lewis May, himself a distinguished biographer of Newman, points out in his Preface.

## 2—A PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE<sup>1</sup>

ON being given a book of 860 pages, and called *Augustin*, to review, we naturally assumed it was about the Doctor of the Church, and our heart, candidly, sank. Then we found it was a novel. However, it had won the "Prix de Littérature Spiritualiste" (Claire Virenque) for 1933—which has nothing to do with spiritualism—and could not but be remarkable. Then, it was written in a perfectly limpid yet most astonishing French, and during a whole volume we experienced a continuous distraction as to how on earth it could be translated. A stiffly-swaddled baby is *ensaucissonné*: now could one talk about an ensausaged child? I'd like to: but no; we should have to use several words, and even so? Well, enough to say that the temper of M. Malègue is often gay and caustic, and makes him see exactly what a thing looks like and describe it in one word so precisely "just" that one jumps. Also, he will spread himself at enormous lengths over accounts of furniture, landscapes, medicines, roses, faces, in a most Balzacian detail. For a while, you are worried by the extreme sensitivity of his nostril in regard of scents (or even stinks!) and one remembered Zola. But no one could deny his spiritual insight, and ability to diagnose—sometimes in a word, sometimes through whole pages—the most elusive states of mind and the obscurest moods. I was reminded, by contrast, of Maurice Baring. Major Baring has the same infinite delicacy, and, at times, directness; but he constantly likes to allow you just to guess: if you can't or don't, perhaps you aren't the reader he'd prefer. M. Malègue, I think, always "tells"

<sup>1</sup> *Augustin, ou Le Maître est Là*. By J. Malègue. Paris: Editions Spes. 2 vols. Pp. 860. Price, 30.00 fr. 1933.

you, even when, at first, you think what he tells isn't very interesting. Then, to your surprise, you find you wouldn't miss a word.

His book is the history of the son of a provincial schoolmaster. The father, a feckless and unsuccessful man, can yet stimulate the intelligent boy till he passes into that world of feverish intellectualism which (I confess) is so apt to irritate the sentimental, common-sense, lazy-minded, games-loving Englishman. Later on, the young man, whose education was classical and philosophical, but who felt bound to know all he could and in particular to know his religion as scientifically as he knew anything else, was thrown into disarray owing to Biblical criticism, even though his positive and penetrating logic exasperated him when confronted by the enormous *a priorisms*, hypotheses reposing upon other hypotheses, and top-heavy structures of the "higher critics." He found that he "certainly" could no more pray nor use the Sacraments, though his chief torture was, to be "uncertain" about his own uncertainties. Alongside of him was a kinsman, a peasant from that great farm which M. Malègue describes no less accurately and sensitively—*dulcedine captus*, he lingers in the fields as long as in the schoolrooms—who became a priest and then apostatized in a mean and fraudulent way. The whole of the hard-headed, sharp, do-the-best-for-yourself, ready-to-cheat-when-need-be, peasant is in this apostasy. Augustin could never have so condescended. Here there may have been a touch of pride, but he remained chaste, and we are grateful to this French author for not suggesting that nobody does so, especially no apostates. Even the charming and honourable episode of his love and its sacrifice is briefly treated, though the fact shouldn't be forgotten, as the second part of the book evolves.

This second part is shadowed and glorified by the presence of death. At first, you think that Augustin's sister, Christine, has had so fatuous a convent education that nothing can be made of her: but she becomes a heroine. I am not sure that the agonizing history (without one line of sentimentalism) of the death of her Baby (the "ensausaged" one), with its infinite tenderness and understanding of the small child itself, is not the most exquisite part of the book. Moreover, at that very time, the old mother, very effaced in the earlier chapters, but after a while preponderant, is dying too. And finally, Augustin, exhausted by many things, dies amid the vision of Swiss snows. A school-friend, become a Jesuit, hears his last confession; Christine is left absolutely alone. Technically, as well as psychologically, this must have been the hardest part to write, and to write convincingly. Novel-readers are slow to believe in death-bed conversions: priests *must* (and in other unlooked-for conversions too), owing to sheer experience. You may have watched—or not even have noticed—the barriers thinning and melting; the mental entanglements unknottng them-



selves till suddenly they simply are not there; the abrupt appearance of the never-lost and innermost thing, real as ever, total as ever. Self-doubt impossible; in the august phrasing of the Preface, "*vita mutatur, non tollitur*"; even, the new good life is not substituted only: "Where were you, Lord, during this long bitterness?" "Quite close to you."

Would the book, translated, sell in England (which the author knows so well)? I fear not: but wholly owing to our great and hereditary misfortune, if not fault. But even an apostate Frenchman, between the finest fibres of whose mind the writer's loving, relentless, operating-knife descends, will understand it—all the more agonizingly but honestly, since no anæsthetics (I assure you) are used; and will agree that it deserves any and every prize.

C.C.M.

### 3—A FRENCH STUDY OF RUSKIN<sup>1</sup>

THE booksellers tell us that of late there has been in this country a marked revival of interest in Ruskin and his teaching. Whether that be so or not, and whether or not his theories of art or of social economics be accepted, it is difficult to believe that, as a writer of English, Ruskin will ever be easily forgotten. Readers may still smile at what used to be called his "purple patches"; the fact surely remains that he stands among the two or three, not more, of his generation who could use our language as a perfect instrument, making it express their whole mind with all its clearness, its irony, its vision through nature to the infinite. Ruskin has sympathy, admiration, intuition, and their opposites; he sees, and he can make others see, feels and can lead others to feel with him; his very fascination is his danger, his critics have often dwelt on this as a warning to his readers lest they be carried away. True, it is a warning in season; nevertheless, it is one which confesses to the power of one against whom we have need to be warned.

The study before us is chiefly concerned with Ruskin as a social thinker. The author submits that this was his proper sphere, and that his studies of art are less important; he was a social economist turned artist. We doubt whether all her English readers will accept this statement, whether they would not prefer to say the reverse was the truth: Ruskin was an artist, or at least an art critic, turned social economist, and it was this very faculty, of distinguishing the beautiful, of defining the true, of seeing essentials and stripping them of their false and tawdry surroundings, that gave his social teaching the influence it had, and, perhaps, the influence it continues to possess. Ruskin in his criticism of

<sup>1</sup> *Ruskin et l'esthétique intuitive: Thèse présentée à la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Grenoble.* By Henriette Gally. Paris: Vrin. Pp. 353.

both art and society was an idealist; we need not wonder, therefore, that in an essentially industrialist and materially prosperous age he was judged something of a crank. But to-day, when industrialism has broken down, and prosperity is being re-defined, what he has to say, on education, on the working-classes, on wealth, on agriculture, rings so true that much of it seems almost trite.

All this and more the author of the thesis before us makes clear. She writes as one of those who have, in Sydney Colvin's words, "come under the spell of his genius"; and the special feature of that genius which she sets out to describe is, as the title of her work implies, that intuition of the beautiful which she finds in the English mind at its best, and especially in Ruskin. At the same time she does not lose sight of shortcomings, his impetuosity, his dislikes, his bitterness when provoked, and, intellectually, his lack of the historic sense, all of which led him into many an error; perhaps the most marked of these was his manifest dislike of the Catholic Church, even while nearly everything he has written redounds to her praise. Still, with all that may be said of this kind, she concludes with those, who recognize in Ruskin one who saw through the self-complacency of his generation into the anxious times in which we are now living; and the lesson is brought home that in the principles laid down by him might be found the solution of many of our problems. The work is admirably documented, and shows a complete mastery of Ruskin's whole output.

✠ A.G.

#### 4—A BENEDICTION MANUAL<sup>1</sup>

ONCE again Sir Richard Terry has given to the Catholic musical world the benefit of his long and ripe experience as a choirmaster and practical musician in a new work which we predict will be the standard Benediction Book for many long years. He has shown a wise eclecticism in this compilation. It is hardly possible to please all tastes. But Sir Richard has made a bold—and we venture to say—a successful effort to do so. He has drawn mostly on tunes from early and mid-Victorian Catholic sources, and wisely also, we think, on sources not exclusively Catholic. But while he has provided a generous supply of modern tunes old and new (his own are among the best), he has also given a large number of polyphonic and Plain Song settings of the various items of Benediction. The Plain Song section alone contains seventeen versions of the "O Salutaris," five of the Litany, eight

<sup>1</sup> *The Complete Benediction Book for Choirs.* Edited by Sir Richard R. Terry, Mus.D., F.R.C.O. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. Pp. xx, 215. Price, 12s. 6d.

of the "Tantum," and eight of the "Adoremus," besides thirty-six Motets. His accompaniments to these are straightforward and helpful with none of the extravagance which has recently disfigured certain Plain Chant accompaniments. The whole collection radiates the mature judgment of the practical choir-master. Accordingly, we are the more surprised at the omission of the "Laudate" from the various modern settings of the "Adoremus." To the Plain Song settings the "Laudate" is attached. But the average Sunday chorister and organist can scarcely be expected to adapt and perhaps transpose the Psalm tone required.

Sir Richard has justified his title *The Complete Benediction Book*. Comprehensive it certainly is, containing over 200 pages of closely-printed music. But we are afraid its comprehensiveness may militate against its popularity. The price, 12s. 6d., is not too great for such a closely-packed volume of valuable music. But can the average church afford to equip even a small choir with a dozen copies at such a price? The convenience of a book so comprehensive is obvious. But would it not be possible to meet the financial difficulty by issuing a less comprehensive edition? There is much in the collection beyond the capabilities of the average choirs, viz., some of the more elaborate settings, the fabourdons (are not fabourdons and descants a little overworked in these days?), some, if not all of the polyphonic Litanies and such additional matters as the Litany of the Saints, "Lauda Sion," "Te Deum," "Victimae Paschali," "Veni Sancte Spiritus," the Antiphons of Our Lady. If such an edition is not feasible, why not print vocal parts of the present edition? This would solve the financial difficulty for the buyer at least and secure for this admirable collection of Benediction Music the widespread circulation it deserves. The book is clearly printed and well produced. A number of misprints, chiefly accidentals, obvious to the musician but troublesome to the amateur choirmaster, need correction. The insertion of a small slip of such "errata" would be welcomed by all.

J.D.

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## SHORT NOTICES

### THEOLOGICAL.

**PÈRE P. GALTIER**, S.J., is among the most eminent of living theologians: and his new work, *De SS. Trinitate in Se et in Nobis* (Beauchesne: 40.00 fr.), does not fall short of the standard which his previous volumes have set up. It will, we venture to think, take rank among the classical treatises on this great mystery of the Faith. Both the apologetic and the more strictly theological parts of the book are of real excellence. The apologetic portion

is of special importance at the present time. Protestant historians of dogma have sought to show that the earliest Christian writings, including the books of the New Testament and the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, contain no clear expression of Trinitarian belief: in fact, that the first generations of Christians did not quite know whether they were monotheists, ditheists, or tritheists. P. Galtier shows how entirely devoid of foundation such a contention is. His treatment of the doctrinal tradition of the Church in the second and third centuries calls for special mention. There are, as is well known, perplexing passages in the works of a few Christian apologists of this period, which at first sight seem hardly compatible with belief in the eternal pre-existence of the Son. P. Galtier points out that no such passage occurs in the works of any writer who can be reckoned an accredited spokesman of the Church, and that the belief of the Church as set forth by her official pastors, and as embodied in her liturgical formulas, is absolutely unambiguous. Moreover, that even the passages in question are patient of an orthodox interpretation, and are explicable in view of the somewhat unsatisfactory philosophical conceptions then prevailing.

In the more purely theological part of the work we are glad to see that the "inhabitation" of the Holy Spirit is treated at considerable length. P. Galtier explains the Divine indwelling in a manner somewhat unusual. He holds that the gifts of wisdom and charity, which are the immediate resultant of sanctifying grace, effect in the soul a special representation of the Three Persons: and that the Divine activity which causes this representation, constitutes a new mode of God's presence, altogether different from the presence by which God is said to dwell in all created things. This, he contends, is the explanation of the Divine "inhabitation" given by St. Thomas Aquinas. The point is of no small interest. For many writers understand St. Thomas differently, maintaining that he sees the Divine "inhabitation," not in God's activity as producing the image of the Trinity within us, but in the operation of the gifts of wisdom and charity. We are convinced that the interpretation given by P. Galtier is correct.

#### CATECHETICAL.

Two beautifully and copiously illustrated volumes issued by MM. Mame et Fils, Paris, have for object to make the study of religion attractive. These are *Le Catechisme Illustré* (30.00 fr.) and *Récits Evangéliques Illustrés* (10.00 fr.): they merit high praise and deserve widespread acceptance amongst teachers of Religion, since the Story of the Gospel and Catechism are represented in attractive and original form. The paper and print are excellent.

## PHILOSOPHICAL.

Professor Dr. F. Brunstād Rostock's *Logik* (Handbuch der Philosophie; 39 Lieferung. R. Oldenbourg: 4.30 m.) traces the development and interconnexion of the various systems of logic that have existed from the days of the Ionian philosophers down to our own times. The author emphasizes the element of necessity, which is inherent in knowledge as knowledge of being. He also lays stress on the polarization of being and life. Created being as such is not absolute, isolated or self-contained. It points beyond itself, and is a participation of the All, (Ganzheit am Teil). In the last section of the book Professor Brunstād gives an outline of his own system of Universal Logic, based on the work of Kant. Knowledge must be considered in continuity with life, and, as such, it is not independent of the theory of the Logos.

M. Jacques Maritain's *La Petite Logique* (Téqui: 20.00 fr.), which has now reached an eighth edition, is well known to students of philosophy. It is intended for beginners, and does not aim at being more than elementary. Many problems usually treated of in *Minor Logic* have been omitted, on the ground that they are more metaphysical than logical. This procedure is undoubtedly correct, and by following it the author has produced an admirable textbook; its clearness and precision are unique. A comparison between this edition and the fifth has led to the discovery of very few changes.

## HOMILETIC.

Preaching, for him whose duty it is to preach, may become either his vital interest or the great burden of his life. In *Practical Hints on Preaching*, A Simple Handbook for Beginners, by Father Aloysius Roche (Sands: 3s. 6d.), the author aims at making it the first, and he has done his work extremely well. While he disclaims any attempt to write a book on the theory of Rhetoric, but only gives the results of his own experience, in fact, he proves that experience confirms the theory. His chapters on the preparation of a sermon, on style, on delivery, are full of good things which the preacher, both the beginner and the "old hand," will recognize as true to life; while the examples strewn throughout the book give the novice a series of models for his encouragement. This unpretending work should be of great use to any beginner who wishes to take his preaching duty seriously in hand.

## DEVOTIONAL.

A series of pictures, remembered from childhood, has been the inspiration of *Anima: The Pilgrim of the Cross*, by L. V. Holdsworth (Longmans: 2s. 6d.). The author takes these pictures, here reproduced, and comments on them one by one, showing how the soul faces its daily cross, and encouraging it to carry it with

courage. Many little stories illustrate the lessons taught, beginning in fear and ending in joy.

A book for young people of the less educated classes, *Vivre ou se laisser vivre?* (Téqui: 10.00 fr.), by Pierre Saint-Quay, first published in 1911, appears again in a fourth edition. It consists of twenty-five short chapters on many subjects: prayer, sincerity, companions, choice of a career, etc. The author obviously knows the minds of boys in their teens, and writes in their language. Not the least valuable section of the book is the latest preface by the author.

A little *Vade mecum* for French soldiers, *Le Dimanche du Soldat*, by Edward Montier (Téqui: 8.00 fr.), reminds us of the trial which the youth of France must undergo, greater than our own, in conscription. This book is written that the conscript may have in his barracks a reminder of his Faith and its practice. It is a happy combination of the example of Christ our Lord with the feasts of the Church, and is written with remarkable feeling and simplicity.

The last retreat given by P. de Ravignan shortly before his death in 1857, has been republished in a seventh edition: *Dernière Retraite du R. P. de Ravignan* (Téqui: 10.00 fr.). It was given to a Community of Carmelites in Paris, and is reproduced from notes made by a Sister of that Community. It follows the usual course of eight days, with four exercises for each day. Its vogue is a testimony to its helpfulness.

The title of Christ the King is one which cannot but inspire many a writer to attempt to amplify its meaning, and several volumes have already been written on this theme. In *Le Christ-Roi*, by Dom de Monléon, O.S.B. (Téqui: 5.00 fr.), the author dwells on the need of the world to-day for a Leader, and the leadership given to it by Christ our Lord, and by Him alone. Christ the Son of Man; Christ the crucified King of the Jews; Christ the King of the human mind and heart; such are the aspects of Our Lord developed in this book, intended, not for unbelievers, but for those who will freely grant beforehand to the author implicit faith in Scripture, and in the teaching of the Church.

The recent edition, by the Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow, of *St. Francis de Sales in His Letters* (Sands: 7s. 6d.), is a notable addition to the not too long list of really valuable spiritual guides. St. Francis de Sales may be called the Doctor of sanctity in ordinary circumstances: he teaches how the "little virtues" are really great virtues: how God, who demands perfection of us, has supplied us amply with the means of attaining to it, whatever be our lot in life: and his doctrine refutes the delusion (so comforting to the "natural man") that holiness is an extraordinary thing, reserved for extraordinary people, monks and nuns and such. "I am not a man of extremes," he writes to Madame de Brulart.

No: but he meant by that that he saw nothing "extreme" in aspiring to the closest possible union with God, be the aspirant the most ordinary of persons. It was Henri IV who suggested to him to write his "Introduction to a Devout Life," a book which has been the starting-point of many a saintly progress since his day. He has done more than any other saint in the Calendar to bring the highest things of God into the home, so to speak. "We are sometimes so occupied with being good angels," he writes to Mlle de Soulfour, "that we neglect to be good men and women." Be tranquil, be self-controlled, be orderly, be cheerful, do not be ruled by convention: your *natural* inclination is towards goodness, and goodness does not do violence to your nature—be real and true and simple, and you will be holy. By editing these intimate and self-revealing letters of the saint the Harrow Visitation has laid all thinking and earnest Catholics, lay or religious, under a permanent obligation. They form the best Life of the saint that has been written, because they embody the experience, in every department, of one who was not only a hero himself but knew how to make heroism attractive and welcome—one might almost say, easy—to the least heroic of us.

#### HISTORICAL.

Father Augustine, O.M.Cap., who has already written eloquently on *St. Francis and the Blessed Eucharist*, has found a subject no less dear to his heart in **Ireland's Loyalty to the Mass** (Sands: 3s. 6d.). His treatment is historical, tracing the struggle which began in England after the reign of Henry VIII, and was carried over to Ireland in the times of Elizabeth and the Stuarts. Naturally he dwells longest on the terrible Cromwellian period, when the "Protector" made it his declared policy to exterminate "the churches, the priests, and the Mass." Father Augustine packs his narrative with abundant details which emphasize, without need of any underlining, the noble struggle of the Irish people for three hundred years. Now, at last, he seems to conclude, Ireland is reaping its reward.

The eleventh number of "Franciscan Studies," **Pontificia Americana: A documentary History of the Catholic Church in the United States (1784—1884)**, by Donald Shearer, O.M.Cap., Ph.D. (Wagner: \$1.25), is a work that would seem henceforth indispensable to every student of American Catholic History. It is more. The growth of the Church in the United States during those hundred years probably has not its parallel in history, not even in the early centuries; and here we are allowed to watch the development under the guiding hand of the Holy Father. The compiler has brought together all the Papal Bulls and Briefs which were issued for America during those hundred years; before each he has given a summary of its contents, and also, when necessary,



an historical note to introduce it. The result is practically a history of the growth of the Church in the United States, as seen from the Vatican. It is an intensely interesting, not to say inspiring, story. The editor has done his work extremely well, not wasting words, but making very clear the circumstances and significance of all the 159 documents. All are produced in the language in which they were written.

Interesting as have been the other volumes of the series "*Les Pélerinages*," the last we have received, *Saint-Pierre de Rome*, by H. Chéramy, P.S.S. (Flammarion: 10.00 fr.), seems to surpass them all. It is a veritable mine of information. The author begins at the beginning, with the tomb of Peter, builds round it, first, the Constantine basilica, and then the basilica that we know. This done, he gives the history of its decoration, showing the part played by the different Popes and artists. Then we are taken down into the crypt, and are shown in this book much more than the ordinary visitor is permitted to see. A scholar who knows St. Peter's well, here puts his knowledge at the reader's service.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

After the volumes of the late Abbé Henri Bremond on the religious mind of France, it was almost inevitable that the Fathers of the French Oratory should follow up his work with studies of their own. This has been at least begun by P. Claude Taveau, in *Le Cardinal de Bérulle, Maître de Vie Spirituelle* (Desclée: 15.00 fr.). In an introductory essay, the author discusses Cardinal de Bérulle, chiefly as he has been interpreted by various writers; where he differs, and he does not wholly agree even with Bremond, he gives his reasons. Then, by means of quotations, he traces the theory of the spiritual life as it is taught by Bérulle, beginning with the Contemplative Life and then passing on to the Ascetic, the order which may be said to be the chief distinguishing feature of the French Oratory and those who have followed its lead. The whole work, of over 370 pages, is virtually a complete treatise, parallel in great part with that of Tanqueray, and filled with that sense of Adoration and Adherence for which all the spirituality emanating from the Oratory is conspicuous.

Lives of religious founders continue to be written, all, it would seem, with a certain sameness, yet each with a distinctive character of its own, as with children of one family. There is, in almost all, the growing vision, the first fulfilment, the inevitable cross making failure seem certain, and then the resurrection; all the time the central figure being tested at all points. Such is the *Life and Work of Rev. Mother Mechtilde of the Blessed Sacrament* (Catherine de Bar, 1614—1698), Foundress of the Institute of Benedictines of the Perpetual Adoration, written by "a Nun of the Benedictine Community, Dumfries" (Sands: 7s. 6d.). That

the convent at Dumfries descends directly from the Foundress gives this Life additional interest to the English reader; we are grateful to the author for concluding her work with that convent's history. The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Stuart contributes the Preface, because to the devotion of her mother, Lady Herries, to the Blessed Sacrament, and to her consequent bounty, the founding of the convent is due.

There is much information, concerning both the Madura mission and Blessed John de Britto, in *From Royal Page to Martyr*, by Archbishop Doering of Poona. The book was written in German for the benefit of German mission-students, and is now translated into English by Father H. Hennessy, S.J. It is published in Bombay, but may be obtained from Herder, London (3s.). Some excellent illustrations add to the interest of the book.

Lady Cecil Kerr's short life of *Edith Feilding, Sister of Charity* (Sands: 1s.), is another volume added to her list for which her many readers will be grateful. It is written with admirable reserve, and yet nothing is lost, either of the picture of Sister Clare, as she was called in religion, or of the sacrifice she made both in life and death. We are given clearly to see just what she surrendered for the sake of her vocation, then, her work in England, and then in China; and all through a certain manliness of character which was only developed the more by the Order to which she belonged. Hers is, indeed, "a beloved memory," one we could ill afford to leave unrecorded.

The "sisters" whose beautiful lives Mlle Marie René-Bazin sketches so admirably in *Quelques-unes de mes Sœurs* (Editions Spes: 12.00 fr.) are her sisters in religion, for the great novelist's daughter is the Superior of the Helpers of the Holy Souls who have worked so long and so fruitfully in our midst. This Congregation not yet eighty years old, managed at the start to find an unoccupied portion of the crowded Vineyard of the Church, and remains unique amongst its innumerable fellow-workers in being formally devoted to the highest work of charity, the relief and release of the souls in Purgatory. For this end it engages in every sort of good work on earth especially amongst the poor and helpless, and has spread not only in France but over Europe, the United States and the Chinese mission field. Their Foundress, Eugénie Smet, "Mère de la Providence," was appositely named, for a whole-hearted trust in God's love and care is characteristic of her daughters, as these records emphatically show. They begin with an account of the Mother House in Paris, then follow a short biography of each of six Mothers and shorter sketches of four Sisters of the Congregation, all of whom the writer has known. It would seem that the Auxiliatrices are not a long-lived race, for only one, a Chinese lady, of those mentioned reached the age of fifty; however, one cannot say after reading these narratives that their

life is not a full one. English readers will be especially interested in the career of *Mère Marie de Saint Ignatius*, in the world Margaret Ward, daughter of the great Oxford convert, but all are charmingly told and make most attractive and edifying reading.

## LITERARY.

Monsignor Gonne has struck a new vein in his interesting, devotional and instructive Passion Play, *Unto us a Son is Given* (Ouseley: 2s. 6d.). He opens with Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, as it were, to give a setting to the whole. Then comes at once Palm Sunday, before we are brought to the events of the Passion itself. Nowhere does Our Lord appear, but the story is told as it develops by the characters on the stage, some of which are those of the Gospels, others, such as Veronica and her mother, are of the author's own creation. The words of Scripture are skilfully worked into the text, and careful stage directions would seem to make the play easy to perform.

Another drama, *St. Joan of Arc*, by Francis J. Bowen (Sands: 1s. 6d.), may well be recommended to the mistresses of schools. For the most part it is written in blank verse which runs smoothly; and the characters are well distinguished and emphasized. The author begins with the Call of Joan, a scene in which her mother plays a not unimportant part; this is in the design of the play, because she is to form the central figure at the end. We are then taken through the scenes of the Triumph of Joan, to her Betrayal, and finally her Martyrdom; the dramatic way in which the last episode is staged, yet without the actual death occurring before the audience, seems to us very effective.

## FICTION.

The chance of getting three of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's best novels—*Out of Due Time*, *One Poor Scruple* and *The Job Secretary*—in one volume of over 1,000 pages, which Messrs. Sheed and Ward have issued with the title *Three Novels* at 8s. 6d., reconciles one to the lack of uniformity in the type used. It is an "omnibus book" which will be widely read, for her latest story, *Tudor Sunset*, must have whetted the appetite of the modern reader for her earlier works. Mr. Alfred Noyes contributes a valuable introduction which stresses the high moral purpose which informs all the novelist's productions.

A new generation of school-boys and other readers will revel in *The Onion Peelers* (Sands: 5s. n.), by the late Father R. P. Garrold, S.J., who died of sickness due to the war, but left behind him a reputation for literary skill exhibited in this and other stories and sketches. The book appeared first in 1916, and despite its enigmatic title, had a wide and immediate success. The present, the third, impression, should rival in that respect its predecessors, for the book combines interest and humour to a remarkable degree.

A collection of highly imaginative, delicately phrased storiottes

called **Blue Portfolio** (The Bruce Publishing Co.: \$1.50), by Miss Vera Marie Tracy, show an uncanny insight into the minds of the young, and will entrance all right-minded children and edify them too—for the Supernatural is never far away in any of them. A delightful gift book for nephews and nieces, especially the latter.

A pleasantly written and fairly exciting story, **The House of the Apricots** (Heffer: 6s. n.), by Hugh Imber, deals mainly with French people at home and in Syria, and shows intimate knowledge both of provincial life in France and in her colonies. Much exact topographical detail betokens first-hand experience, and the mystery is cleverly prolonged and satisfactorily solved.

In spite of a wealth of antiquarian and historical lore, **A Merry Eternity** (Washbourne & Bogan: 7s. 6d.), by Miss N. M. Wilby, a sort of sequel to her *Two Fortunate Orphans*, is a love-romance of great interest and, once one has become familiar with the archaic diction of the dialogues, it moves with ease and grace. The author has laboured to make it as true to life as possible, often using the very words which its characters are known to have uttered and reproducing faithfully the historic aspects of the scenes they lived in, but, even without this careful and scholarly setting, the romance and tragedy of the tale would have come unsought, inseparable from the actual course of events. Long and loving study of the chief personages concerned, Blessed John Fisher and Thomas More, has enabled the author to make them vivid and lovable and, by contrast, the figures of Henry himself and Wolsey illustrate that idolatry of self which is the antithesis of sanctity. Throughout the whole story runs the firmly-conceived personality of David, Our Lady's minstrel, ever at the service of his friends. The book will surely enkindle interest in one of the most momentous periods of English history, and we can conceive no better mental nourishment for Catholic youth than its perusal.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Chanoine Duplessy, Editor of *La Réponse*, continues his vigorous, popular apologetic, this time in defence of Lourdes, in **La Bataille de Lourdes** (Téqui: 10.00 fr.). His book is divided into three parts: a defence of the apparitions, a defence of the pilgrimages, and lastly, a defence of miracles. His method, as we have said, is popular; sometimes a more scientific defender would hesitate to use his illustrations; still, his argument is full of suggestions, and must be useful for the public platform.

Mrs. Harriet M. Spencer Wood dedicates "To my Grandchildren" a little volume entitled **Round Table Talks** (Heffer: 2s. 6d.). She quotes in her Foreword King Arthur's motto:

"Fear God: Live pure: Speak true:  
Right wrong: Honour the King."

and the lines may be taken as a true summary of the lessons of the

book. The range is almost unlimited; more than a hundred counsels are thrown out in less than eighty pages; and yet throughout there is a common sense, balance, earnestness, and high ideal which cannot but appeal to the young mind for which the book is intended.

Whether Mr. Gibbons's book, *The Truth about the Legion* (Methuen: 5s. n.), destroys once for all the horror and the romance which have been exploited in a hundred books and film-stories depends on whether it gets the circulation its merits deserve. For it bears the stamp of truth upon it, and the truth is that serving in the Legion is in essence much like soldiering elsewhere, the only difference being due to the mixture of nationalities, the peculiar traditions and the geographical environment which are met in the service. Mr. Gibbons has at command a great variety of quaint and humorous language whereby to record his experiences, and his narrative of inspection, very thorough and candid, is extremely readable. An ethical question which is nowhere touched upon in the book is how far is a non-Frenchman justified in voluntarily entering a service, of the justice of which he can have no guarantee. It is becoming increasingly difficult even for nationals to find in their country's interests just cause for robbing and killing men of other nations—the means being so inadequate and out of proportion to the end desired. To enlist as a soldier except in defence of one's own country or, on occasion, of the true religion would seem to be taking an undue risk of violating justice.

Students of the principles and practice of education should find some interesting reading in *St. Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum* (McGraw-Hill Book Co.: 12s.), edited by Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Dean of the Graduate School, Marquette University. The book provides a translation of the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus (Part IV) and of the "Ratio Studiorum" of 1599—documents of the highest importance for the understanding of Jesuit education—together with an account of their development and significance. In addition, there is an analytical outline of the book of the Spiritual Exercises, which the editor with good reason suggests is "the most significant educational contribution of St. Ignatius of Loyola." The book is well printed and strongly bound; and is issued in a series of Educational Classics by the publishers, both in London and New York.

\* A sumptuously got-up volume, adorned with numerous photographs and filled with readable matter of every sort, historical and imaginative, poetry and prose, English and Gaelic, has been issued by Messrs. Gill & Son at 4s. in commemoration of the first Centenary of the famous Cistercian Abbey of Mount Melleray in Waterford which was celebrated in August of last year. The Cistercians have always been the pioneers of civilization, and the

story of how they made the wilderness at the foot of the Knock-mealdown Mountains blossom like a garden will be read with interest in our day when men's thoughts are turning towards the land.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Those who have Latin enough to recite for devotion the **Parvum Officium B.V.M.**, will find the one and sixpenny pocket edition in Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne's liturgical series, admirably suitable for their purpose.

Father F. W. Kershaw, using Lady Cecil Kerr's "Life" as a basis, has endeavoured in **Teresa Helena Higginson** (Sands: 4d.) to make more intelligible the mystical experiences of that very holy soul for the benefit, especially, of those who, as she was, are school teachers by profession. She certainly exhibited in a very high degree the fundamental virtues on which sanctity is based, personal humility and love of God, but no one would have guessed to what heights of holiness God raised her but for her own self-revelations, made under obedience. These are still under ecclesiastical examination, for, in addition to what other eminent mystics have experienced, there is much that is unique—phenomena of bilocation and the like—in her descriptions, which make suspension of judgment a demand of prudence.

The multiplication of Religious Congregations of women—these number more than 170 in this country alone—is an aspect of female emancipation little considered, although it illustrates the immense diversity of spiritual tasks which are nowadays entrusted to the sex. Two of the number are described in pamphlets before us: **The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Annecy** (B.O. & W.: 1s.), and **The Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians** (The Convent, Chertsey). The former Society has a long history for it was founded 283 years ago at Puy, in France, dispersed by the Revolution, revived on the death of Robespierre in several forms, one of which was established as a diocesan Congregation at Annecy in 1833. During the century it has spread into various lands and is well represented in England. The other Congregation describes itself also as the Sisters of Don Bosco, the Apostle of Youth whose canonization is imminent. He established them to do for girls what his Salesian Fathers do for boys, and they have so grown that there are now three Provinces in English-speaking countries alone. The pamphlet, which is attractively illustrated, gives an inspiring account of their spirit and work.

A finely printed booklet called **The Prince of this World** (Institute of Mediæval Studies, Toronto), By Raïssa Maritain, done into English by G.B.P., contains a reasoned explanation of the reality of Satan's power, in accordance with the decrees of Providence, over all that has not been redeemed by the Precious Blood, and the wisdom that devised the means of redemption. One

would like to know more of the author and of the language in which the booklet was first written.

Those who dislike "repository art" are advised to apply to the Secretary of the Guild of St. Joseph and St. Dominic, the Catholic craftsmen established at Ditchling Common, Sussex, for a copy of their Catalogue of *Things for Liturgical and Devotional Use*, which is copiously illustrated.

Mr. B. Herder issues a special catalogue of *Theological and Devotional Publications* which presents a wide selection of approved works.

The work of spreading Catholic Literature which we have mentioned as flourishing at Darjeeling is also in full vigour at St. Joseph's College, Trincomalie, Ceylon, to which old magazines may be profitably despatched.

The latest addition to the C.T.S. Studies in Comparative Religion is No. 34, *Modern Judaism*, by J. Bonsirven, S.J., which is a singularly well-informed and sympathetic account of the religious beliefs of the once-Chosen Race, well worth study in our times. From the stores of a wide experience Father Arthur Day has compiled a very useful pamphlet, *Pitfalls of the Confessional*, with a sub-title, *Confession, a Bugbear or a Boon*, in which with no little humour he shows how the practice may be misunderstood and misused, and conversely how it should be exercised. *Catholic Boy Scouts and the S.V.P.*, by F. F. Corballis, is also the fruits of much experience in both institutions, and indicates how thoroughly apostolic a work "Scouting" may be. Father Robert Eaton, who has laboured so zealously for the spread of Scripture reading has added *St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians* to his series of annotated texts. We are glad that the author in his very helpful notes makes much use of Father Rickaby's edition in the "Westminster Version."

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

*The Catholic Mind*. Vol. xxxii. Nos. 1—3.

ASOCIACION FRANCISCO DE VITORIA, Madrid.

*Relecciones Teológicas del Maestro Fray Francisco de Vitoria*. Edited by P. Mtro. Fr. Luis G. Alonso Getino. Vol. I. Pp. xlviii, 489.

BASIL BLACKWELL, Oxford.

*The Valley of the Bells and Other Poems*. By Irene Haugh. Pp. x, 52. Price, 2s. 6d.

BERUTTI, Rome and Turin.

*Tutti i Papi*. By Francesco Zanetti. Pp. 764. Price, 20.00 l.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.

*Tu es Petrus. Encyclopédie populaire sur la Papauté*. Edited by l'Abbé G. Jacquemet. Pp. 1,184. Price, 60.00 fr.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee.

*The Seven Last Words*. By John F. Burns, Ph.D., O.S.A. Pp. 64. Price, 50 cents. *The Moral Law*. By Most Rev. J. J. Swint, D.D. Pp. 55. Price, 50 cents.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

*Little Essays*. By Right Rev. D. O. Hunter-Blair. Pp. 158. Price, 3s. 6d.



- Saint Bernadette of Lourdes.* Pp. x, 133. Price, 3s. 6d. *Thoughts of Blessed Louise de Marillac.* Pp. ix, 133. Price, 2s. 6d. and 4s. *The Christian Virtues.* By G. J. MacGillivray, M.A. Pp. vii, 176. Price, 5s. *History of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Annecy.* Pp. 42. Price, 1s. *The Mystery of Stigmata.* Pp. viii, 248. Price, 5s. *No Abiding City.* By Bede Jarrett, O.P. Pp. 74. Price, 2s. 6d. *A Bishop to his People.* By Right Rev. Bishop Amigo. Pp. 213. Price, 5s. *The Story of the Canonization of St. Thérèse.* Pp. vi, 173. Price, 3s. 6d. *The Life of Guy de Fontgalland.* By G. Bernoville. Pp. 103. Price, 1s. 6d. *On the Power of God.* Vol. III. Translated by Dominican Fathers. Pp. viii, 228. Price, 7s. 6d.
- CATHOLIC PRESS COMMITTEE, Ceylon.  
*The Second Annual Report.*
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.  
*Several Twopenny Pamphlets and Reprints.*
- DENT & SONS, London.  
*A Free Church Liturgy.* By J. P. Oakden, M.A. Pp. 27. Price, 2s.
- DESLÉE, DE BROUWER, Paris.  
*La Vie Chrétienne. Tirée des Œuvres de Bossuet.* By l'Abbé G. Sepiéter. Pp. xxxii, 584. Price, 25.00 fr.
- EDITIONS SPES, Paris.  
*L'Organisation Internationale du Travail et les Catholiques.* By A. Arnou, S.J. Pp. 111. Price, 6.00 fr.
- FLAMMARION, Paris.  
*L'Eglise et la Guerre.* By Georges Goyau. Pp. viii, 248. Price, 12.00 fr.
- INSTITUTE OF MEDIAEVAL STUDIES, Toronto.  
*The Prince of this World.* By Raissa Maritain. Pp. 27.
- KEGAN PAUL, London.  
*The Jesuits and the Popish Plot.* By Malcolm V. Hay. Pp. xii, 220. Price, 10s. 6d.
- LA CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE, Brussels.  
*Les Premières Pages de la Bible.* By P. Benôit Attout. Pp. 138. Price, 10.00 fr.
- MARIETTI, Turin.  
*Maria Vita, ex opere maiore Sancti Canisii.* Edited by P. Vogt, S.J. Pp. viii, 232. Price, 7.50 l. *De Integritate Confessionis.* By Rev. T. V. G. à Zeil. Pp. viii, 115. Price, 5.00 l. *Expositio Aristotelis "Ad Nicomachum" Divi Thomæ.* Edited by A. M. Pirotta, O.P. Pp. xv, 747. Price, 30.00 l.
- METHUEN, London.  
*The Meaning of the Groups.* Edited by F. A. M. Spencer. Pp. 170. Price, 5s. n.
- MISSION PRESS, Techny.  
*Catholic Mission History.* By Joseph Schmidlin, D.D. Edited by Matthias Braun, S.V.D. Pp. xiv, 862. Price, \$5.00.
- OLDENBOURG, München.  
*Handbuch der Philosophie.* Edited by A. Bäumler und M. Schröter.
- PONT. INST. ORIENT. STUD., Rome.  
*Die Athiopischen Anaphoren des Hl. Evangelisten Johannes und des Hl. Jacobus von Sarug.* Edited by Dr. Sebastian Auringer. Pp. 122.
- SANDS & CO., London.  
*Teresa Helena Higginson.* By Rev. F. W. Kershaw. Pp. 46. Price, 4d. *Wisdom from Above.* By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B. Pp. xi, 272. Price, 6s.
- SHEED & WARD, London.  
*The Reformation and the Contemporary Life.* By David Mathew and Gervase Mathew, O.P. Pp. 321. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Making of Europe.* By Christopher Dawson. Pp. xxv, 317. Price, 8s. 6d. n. *Practical Psychology in Character Development.* Abridged from Aller's Psychology of Character. By Vera Barclay. Pp. xiii, 190. Price, 4s. 6d. n.
- "VITA E PENSIERO," Milan.  
*Inaugurazione 1933-1934 della Univ. Cattolica del Sacro Cuore. La Concessione Biologica dell' Economia.* By Francesco Vito. Pp. ix, 70. Price, 6.00 l. *Da Guglielmo d'Auvergne a San Tomaso d'Aquino.* Vol. II. By Amato Masnovo. Pp. vii, 203. Price, 15.00 l.
- SYON ABBEY, South Devon.  
*The Story of the English Bridgettines of Syon Abbey.* By John Rory Fletcher. Pp. 172. Price, 3s. 6d.
- THE CONVENT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MARY, Chertsey.  
*Don Bosco's Sisters.* Illustrated. Pp. 35.
- THE GUILD OF ST. JOSEPH AND ST. DOMINIC, Ditchling Common.  
*Things for Liturgical and Devotional Use.* Pp. 14.
- WASHBOURNE & BOGAN, London.  
*Saint Birgitta of Sweden.* By Edith Peacey. Pp. ix, 300. Price, 12s. 6d.

